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DECEMBER 19, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 26 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

TIME Beirut Correspondent Roberto Suro covers not one but two of the toughest news beats in the world: embattled Lebanon and the police state of Syria. For this week's cover stories on the continuing violence in Lebanon and on Syrian President Hafez Assad and his country's pivotal role in the turbulent Middle East, Suro confronted the difficulties of reporting from both countries.

Having visited Syria more than a dozen times during his two years as a correspondent in the Middle East, Suro is uncomfortably aware of the probability that he is followed and that his phone and telex communications are monitored in the tightly controlled nation. "Whether or not it is true," he says, "most people you deal with assume that the secret police will find out they were talking to an American journalist, and will not cross certain conversational red lines. Speaking critically about President Assad can be dangerous, especially mentioning that he is a member of the powerful minority religious group, the Alawites." By drawing on the information of private and understandably wary sources, plus the views of diplomats in Damascus and Palestinian officials with close ties in Syria, Suro was able nonetheless to carpenter together a remarkably candid portrait of Assad and his regime.

PETER CHARLESWORTH

Suro with U.S. Marines at Beirut camp gate

During Suro's time in Beirut, he has reported on the Israeli siege, the massacre in the Palestinian refugee camps, the grisly bombing of the U.S. embassy, right through to last week's U.S. retaliatory bombing raids. Since the arrival of the U.S. Marines more than a year ago, he has occasionally escaped from the disorder and dangers of life in the Lebanese capital by visiting their encampment south of the city. "Once inside the gates," Suro says, "you could feel protected by strapping young men who spoke in familiar accents. There were Sunday afternoon barbecues and videotape viewings of *Dynasty* episodes, accompanied by wisecracks. Last winter I heard a broadcast of the Super Bowl in a ramshackle place that served as an officers' club; the rowdy cheering drowned out whole chunks of the game. It was a welcome little piece of America—after all, even foreign correspondents get homesick."

All this activity stopped abruptly with the terrorist bombing of Marine headquarters in October. Now, says Suro, "the compound is like the rest of Beirut; sudden and unpredictable violence is always a possibility. Little America has become ground zero." Indeed, 15 minutes after Suro's photo at left was taken last week, rounds from a firefight fell on the spot.

John a. Meyer

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The answer: Too much. Now, the question...

President
Mobil Oil Corp.
150 East 42 St.
New York, NY 10017

Dear Sir:

Can you tell me what the Excess Profits Tax on the oil companies is costing me per gallon at the pump?

Sincerely,
Don Roach
Spokane, Wash.

First off, Mr. Roach, there's no such thing as an "excess profits tax." What you probably mean is the so-called "windfall profit" tax enacted in 1980. Behind it was the idea that, since some U.S. crude oil had been kept artificially cheap by federal price controls during the 1970s, decontrol would bring an overnight "windfall" to people who owned such oil. Hence this tax to "spread the wealth"—not to you and other drivers, of course, but to Washington.

How much "wealth"? It has amounted to $52.6 billion on the crude oil pumped from U.S. wells in the past three years. Since that oil went into many petroleum products, not just gasoline, we can't give you your cost at the pump. But if you average the tax across all products—heating oil, chemical feedstocks, and other petroleum uses as well as gasoline—it comes out to 7 cents a gallon for 1982.

That means that out of every dollar the typical motorist pays on say gasoline (at an average price of $1.25 a gallon), 5½ cents is "windfall" to Uncle Sam. Since Mobil's own profit is less than that, the government on this one tax alone is making more than we are. On petroleum sold in the U.S. last year, our profit was about 4½ cents on the dollar.

You pay plenty of other taxes, too. When you add together the federal and state corporate income taxes on petroleum products, that's another 3 cents per gallon. Beyond that, gasoline carries excise taxes—today, 9 cents a gallon for the federal government and an average 12 cents a gallon for states. That makes a total, on average, of 31 cents that you pay in federal and state taxes every time you buy a gallon of gasoline. Over $30 billion a year in taxes apportioned for just this one product! Actually, there are still more taxes, but there's no fair way to average and compare these others (such as "unitary," "gross receipts," and "severance" taxes in some states).

Trouble is, oil consumers like you and oil companies like us are tempting targets for "revenue enhancers." Few consumers noticed, much less protested, when Uncle Sam more than doubled that federal excise tax on gasoline (to 9 cents from 4 cents a gallon)...just last April, remember? And the fact is that the oil business today shells out more than its fair share of taxes. In 1979, large oil companies paid an average 31% of their U.S. income in federal, state, and local income taxes, compared with about 36% for leading non-oil companies. With the addition of the "windfall profit" tax, oil companies' taxes jumped to 43% in 1980 and 50% in 1981—while non-oil taxes slid to 29% and then 26%. Last year, the oil companies' 46% tax rate was still almost double the 25% non-oil rate.

Still, new oil-tax proposals keep popping up. Why? Well, that $52.6 billion the "windfall profit" tax has netted Washington is an example sure to excite legislators looking for an easy fix to staggering state budgets and federal deficits. But we hope you'd agree that the way to keep America's budget afloat isn't to drain oil consumers, or to pump the oil industry dry and thus imperil tomorrow's energy supplies.

Thanks for asking.

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Letters

Orwell's 1984

To the Editors:

The story on George Orwell [Nov. 28] provided a penetrating analysis of a book that is often misunderstood. Readers of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* should not fear the events described in the novel but take them as a warning of what could happen. Orwell's intentions were not to predict the future but to encourage people to think about it in an intelligent way.

Kim Solar
Hamburg, N.Y.

Although the *Nineteen Eighty-Four* scenario has not come true, we can thank Orwell for his insights. In this age of MX missiles and nuclear freeze, Orwell has put the situation in perspective. He was so correct when he wrote, "In politics, one can never do more than decide which of two evils is lesser, and there are some situations from which one can only escape by acting like a devil or a lunatic."

Andrew Conte
Parma, Ohio

Orwell's premise that in 1984 we will see our privacy invaded has come to pass. Your cover showing an eye hanging from the ceiling is similar to the security cameras in many of our public places.

Peter Koujoumis
Tenafly, N.J.

It is ironic that Orwell, who was personally so decent and had such political common sense, created literature's most fearsome portrait of dictatorial rule. You failed to see beyond the obvious Orwell and recognize this ambivalence, which was quite possibly the essence of Orwell's character.

August Franza
East Setauket, N.Y.

Man of the Year

Since TIME's Man of the Year is the person who has had the greatest impact on events for good or bad, I nominate Judge Harold Greene, the federal judge who ordered the breakup of A T & T.

Sandy Ellison
Oklahoma City

There can be only one choice: the American Marine.

Peter Verniero
Durham, N.C.

The selection should go to the heroic Argentine airmen who, with total disregard for their lives, made the British pay a high price to re-establish colonialism in the South Atlantic.

Julio Argerich
Ullared, Sweden

Pentagon Whistle Blower Franklin Spinney.

Bob Aitchison
Deerfield, Ill.

It must be David Bowie.

Regina Garbe
Hameln, West Germany

The American farmer.

Richard W. Hughes
Thorp, Wis.

David Lee Roth, lead singer of the rock band Van Halen, who in a time of crisis and world tension brings joy to the hearts of millions of young people.

Paul Silveira
São Paulo, Brazil

Ashley Bailey, whose fight against liver disease ended in death. This little girl's struggle, heightened by President Reagan's plea for a donated liver, has brought hope to other children whose survival depends on transplanted organs.

Charles G. Watson
Clear Lake, Minn.

Dead Pilot

TIME's readers [Nov. 2] criticized you for publishing the picture of the dead helicopter pilot on the Grenada beach. War is not pretty. This photograph showed the harsh realities of the invasion.

Linda L. Marshall
Houston

Beleaguered Arafat

I was beginning to have sympathy for the P.L.O. under the leadership of Yasser Arafat. Now I learn that its members are killing one another [Nov. 28] because Arafat is not radical enough for the dissidents. The Israelis are right after all.

David C. Forbey
Boonville, Ind.

Unfortunately, wherever Arafat pitches his camp, he brings death and destruction.

Virginia Kelley
South River, N.J.

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Letters

I am surprised that the mayor of Tripoli did not have Arafat arrested for vagrancy, trespassing, vandalism, inciting a riot, committing mayhem and destroying public property.

Frederick Pederson
LaCrosse, Wis.

Miami's Mayor

Re the mayoral election in Miami [Nov. 28]: there are two ways for a Cuban to be elected mayor in this city. One is for the non-Cuban population to move out. The other is for the Cubans to realize that Miamians are concerned about Miami and not Cuba. City hall is not the place to carry on the fight against Fidel Castro. It is time the Cubans realized that Fidel is in Cuba to stay and that we should get on with taking care of Miami.

Ray Soto
Miami

I remember the first influx of Cubans when I was in grade school in Miami during the 1960s. The Cubans left behind everything they had. When they arrived in Florida, they did not "steal" jobs from the blacks, as Black Radio Announcer Les Brown asserts. The jobs were there for the taking, and the Cubans took them, however menial. In a few years, the Cubans were starting their own businesses and were adding a colorful international flair to the city.

Robin D. Stout
Gaithersburg, Md.

Divided Cyprus

I am a retired diplomat who has spent many years in Cyprus [Nov. 28]. It is wrong to think that the Greeks and the Turks, who are hereditary enemies, can live peacefully in a mixed Cypriot community. Since a compromise cannot be found, Turkish Cypriot Leader Rauf Denktash did the right thing by establishing a separate republic. I predict that in less than ten years an independent Turkish Cypriot state and an independent Greek Cypriot state will develop normal relations with each other. The international community should give Denktash's bold move a chance.

Emeric de Jongh
Tenerife, Canary Islands

The Cyprus "green line" should be an international border, with the Greek part united with Greece and the Turkish part united with Turkey. Cyprus is not a nation and does not want to be.

Johann Fink
Woodbridge, Va.

Almost ten years have passed since the Turks invaded Cyprus. The U.N. has passed numerous resolutions condemning Turkey's actions and demanding the withdrawal of its troops, but to no avail. Unfortunately, no nation is willing to pressure Turkey into removing its forces, which would allow the Cypriots to rebuild their war-weary island.

Lukas Kakogeorgiou
Northville, Mich.

Budget Deficit

With the federal deficit running about $200 billion a year [Nov. 28], President Reagan may go down in history as the biggest spender with the biggest deficits. It is too bad, because in many ways he is our best President in 60 years.

George A. Casleton
Sullivan, Ill.

Presidential candidates should promise that if elected they will balance the federal budget within three years or return their salary to the Treasury.

William D. Brown
Hanover, Pa.

American-Style Catholicism

So Milwaukee's liberal Archbishop Rembert Weakland thinks Pope John Paul II "probably doesn't quite understand the American church's approach to dialogue and pluralism" [Nov. 28]. Many lay Catholics, like me, know that the Pope understands it all too well and is courageously trying to rescue the faith from the American Catholic Church.

Edward Montague
Syracuse

You are wrong to depict the "tension" in the Roman Catholic Church as a result of "liberals" *vs.* "conservatives." What is at issue here is the Roman Catholic Church *vs.* the schismatic American Catholic Church. If the Most Rev. Raymond Hunthausen believes that the nontraditional liturgical practices in his archdiocese reflect the "spirit" of Vatican II, he is wrong.

Rose Grieco
Montclair, N.J.

Archbishop Hunthausen refers to the submarine base in Bangor, Wash., as the "Auschwitz of Puget Sound." I ask him: What finally ended the slaughter at Auschwitz? Peace marchers protesting in front of Hitler's Berlin bunker or the Allied forces?

Scott Hansson
Roselle, N.J.

I laughed cynically when I read that "the Pope himself has assailed discrimination against women." The Pontiff is obviously blind to the unfairness perpetuated against women in his church.

Kathy Klocek
Madison, Conn.

I shiver when I hear Father Carl Peter say, "While remaining authentically Roman Catholic, we are becoming more and more distinctly American." It is time

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Kenya	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
Mexico	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
Philippines	girl ☐	boy ☐	either ☐
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Letters

the church cleaned out priests who wear sports shirts, feminists who advocate a Mother God, and those who are turning funerals into cocktail parties.

Janet Regan
Livermore, Calif.

I do not understand why American Catholics cannot place colorful balloons on a loved one's coffin as a sign of their faith. Among Mexicans, balloons are a sign of celebration and are used at many religious services.

L. Michael Colonnese
Cuernavaca, Mexico

Meter Measure

By redefining the meter in terms of time [Nov. 28], scientists have succeeded in further mystifying measurements. In earlier days, measures were based on dimensions that were fathomable by ordinary people. A rectangle one furlong in length and one chain wide represented the area that could be plowed by a yoke of oxen in a day: one acre. Perhaps we could develop a similarly useful measure based on the length of a parking space.

Robert Raburn
Oakland, Calif.

Europe's Marching Masses

Your article on the antimissile protests in Europe [Oct. 31] unfairly minimized the European peace movement. The important fact is that 700,000 West Germans did come out to protest the nuclear arms race. During the past months many marches have taken place in West Germany, making these rallies the largest mass movement since the Nazi period.

Marzo Giovanni
Genk, Belgium

Wines' Ruins

I am thankful I do not live in an area where I would have to look at one of James Wines' buildings [Nov. 28]. If Wines wants to depict romantic decay in his architecture, let him design something that will stand the test of time and not begin as a ruin.

Dennis Kilcoyne
Naples, Fla.

Ruins steeped in history are one thing, but to build fake dilapidated buildings and pass them off as art is something else. We have enough gutted structures surrounding most of our major cities without Wines adding to our depressing environment.

Bertram Greene
Boston

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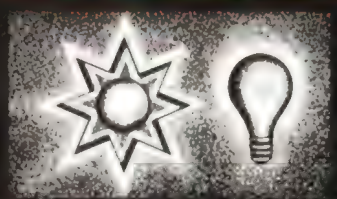

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SHOULD THE REASSURANCES OF BUYING THE RIGHT CAR COME FROM THE CAR ITSELF OR THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS?

It isn't easy to buy a Saab.

Other cars offer society's reassurance of status. Or the security of hidebound practicality. Or the image of performance.

The reassurances that come from buying a Saab, on the other hand, come mainly from the car itself, as perceived by the buyer.

Those reassurances aren't so obvious to the great mass of automotive fashion followers. But they're very obvious to the small mass of Saab followers. Because you have to drive a Saab to understand them.

The right car should tell you about itself.

If you view a twisty road as a challenge, a Saab will stimulate you with the poise of its front-wheel-drive traction, the grip of its 15" Pirelli radials and, on the 900S and Turbo models, the stability of gas-filled shock absorbers.

If, on the other hand, you view the same road as a potential hazard, a Saab will calm you for precisely the same reasons.

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A Saab's structure will communicate its integrity to you over every jounce and pothole in the road.

And in the event of a chance encounter with a large, fixed obstacle, it will use all its strength to help protect you.

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900S 3-door	*$13,850*
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A Saab communicates all these things to you without shouting to the world that it is a performance car or a luxury car or a car of eminent practicality.

The right people will tell you about a Saab.

There has always been a hard core of Saab followers who've appreciated Saab's unique design philosophies. Hardy souls, who could look with indifference on their neighbors' concern for their automotive nonconformity.

It's still a hard core group. But today there are a lot more people in it.

One reason for this growing acceptance might be that in the 27 years since the first Saabs pulled themselves onto American shores with front-wheel drive, just about every other carmaker has followed suit with front-wheel-drive cars of their own. So building cars with front-wheel drive became the thing to do.

It might be that Saabs don't happen to look that different anymore. Two oil boycotts and a period of incredible inflation in fuel prices have had the interesting effect of making aerodynamic cars look right in tune with the times.

It's possible that Saab's idea of using turbocharging for maximum performance from minimal fuel has taken root in the collective psyches of the public.** It has in the minds of other carmakers, who are applying *"TURBO"* logos to their products just as fast as they can bring them to market.

Whatever the reasons, in some circles, Saabs have become rather fashionable.

So that today, if you look for them, you will actually find other people who will approve of your purchase of a Saab.

Not that that, as you know, should ever be a reason for buying one.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited number of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments Group, which includes leather upholstery, fog lights, electronic cruise control and electric sunroof, at additional cost. **Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo. (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.*

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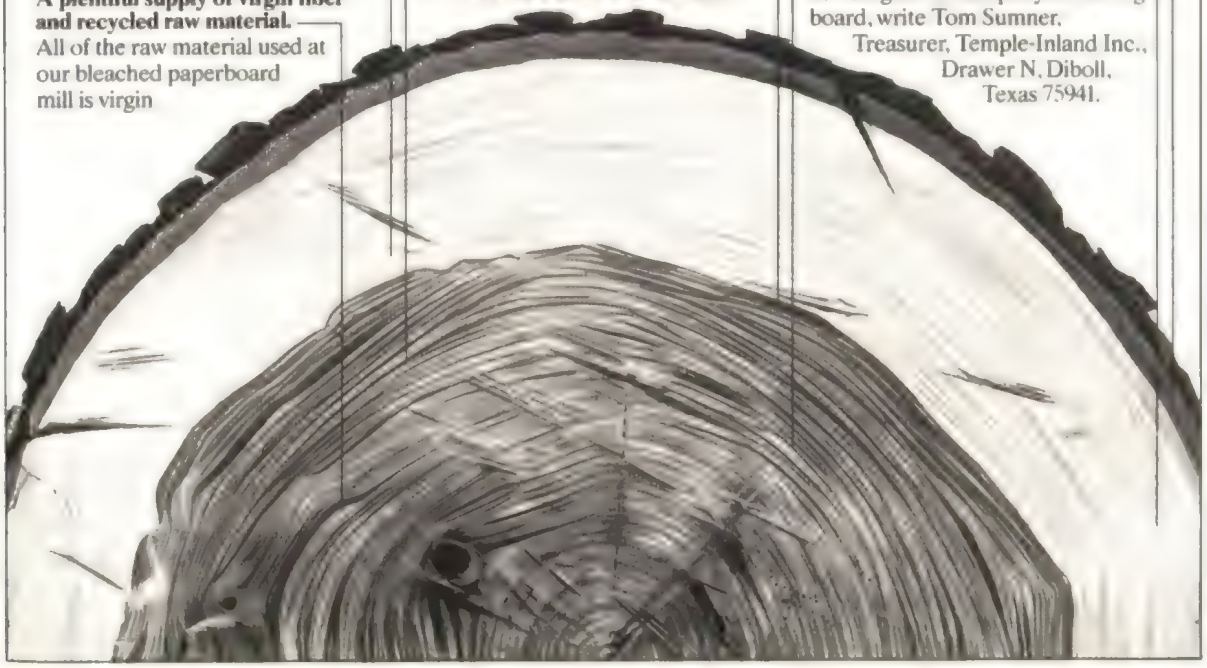


TIME DECEMBER 19, 1983

Sniping On the Road

The Democrats come up short of unity and cash

The idea seemed promising: for two whole days, the eight contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination would stop taking potshots at one another and instead travel together across the U.S., preaching party unity and raising money. The proceeds, an anticipated $2.4 million, would go to the campaign chest of the eventual winner

But unity never comes easily to Democrats, nor does fund raising. Before the Democrats even set forth last week in a pair of DC-8 jets, Jesse Jackson accused party leaders of "stacking the deck" against outsiders, minorities and the poor Alan Cranston refused to join the trip because of a squabble with Party Chairman Charles Manatt, and Reubin Askew bowed out when his mother-in-law died. At the first stop in Atlanta, Gary Hart insinuated that John Glenn was a closet Republican. Glenn, meanwhile, suggested that Walter Mondale was a big-spending liberal. In Chicago, Party Boss Edward Vrdolyak boycotted a $500-a-plate breakfast because of his feud with Mayor Harold Washington, a battle so bitter that the Democrats' once assured ability to "deliver" Cook County can now be called into question. A lunch in St. Louis was canceled for lack of interest, and many seats were left empty at a $500-a-plate breakfast in Atlanta. At the last stop, in Albuquerque, Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings pronounced both the Glenn and Mondale campaigns to be "mush."

At its merciful conclusion, the trip had netted only $1.1 million. The party seemed only tenuously united, and the candidates had trouble rising above the internecine sniping. With one exception: Jesse Jackson stirred audiences at every stop with his blunt style and rousing rhetoric. Even party fat cats paying $1,000 a plate for a prime-rib dinner in Albuquerque cheered his populist message, delivered in the cadences of a revival preacher, calling for "unity without uniformity" and attacking Ronald Reagan as a "reverse Robin Hood," who stole from the poor to give to the rich. "The old minorities in coalition are the new majority!" Jackson cried, bringing the mostly white male audience to its feet. Marveled a Glenn aide: "If we had a speaking contest, Jesse would win." Agreed Hollings: "Jesse's having a big time."

P. F. BENTLEY PHOTOGRAPHERS, INC.

Glenn, Jackson and Hart wave goodbye on the Democrats' tour

Jackson was also giving Democratic leaders fits by challenging the party's rules. Charging that the delegate-selection process discriminated against outsiders like himself, Jackson demanded major reforms before the primaries begin. In so doing, he became a lightning rod for other disaffected long shots. Hart, Hollings and George McGovern all jumped to second Jackson's complaints. Hart was so enthralled by the limelight shining on Jackson that he decided to share it, and word spread that he would begin making joint appearances with the charismatic preacher. "The rules make the party undemocratic," charged McGovern. "They help a front runner, a candidate with money who is first out of the box."

In fact, that is precisely what the rules were intended to do. Stung by the surprise successes of McGovern in 1972 and Jimmy Carter in 1976, supporters of Mondale and Edward Kennedy pushed through a new set of rules in 1982 designed to give party regulars like themselves the inside track. Jackson, however, warns that the poor and minorities—"the boats that are stuck on the bottom"—will not rally behind the Democratic candidate if they feel "locked out" by party leaders. Specifically, Jackson objects to the winner-take-all primaries in seven key states (California, Pennsylvania, Florida, Illinois, New Jersey, Maryland and West Virginia), arguing that the also-rans are denied their share of the vote. He also opposes a rule allowing states to require that candidates win at least 20% of the vote in a congressional district to qualify for convention delegates; this penalizes minorities, he says, because only 86 of 435 districts are at least 20% black. Yet another obstacle for dark horses, adds Jackson, is the setting aside of some 550 seats at the convention for party leaders and elected officials

Insisting that "it's time for the old wineskins to make room for the new wine," Jackson threatened to propose a

long list of reforms during the Democrats' unity trip. Unnerved by that prospect, Party Chairman Manatt promised to meet with Jackson next week if he would hold off making his demands public. Jackson agreed, in part because his chronically unorganized staff had not finished drafting the rule changes.

Party regulars privately say that it is too late to change the rules. In the end, they speculate, Jackson will diplomatically back down. It has been his practice to follow up harsh public rhetoric with backroom compromise; at Operation PUSH, his celebrated boycotts of Budweiser and Coca-Cola began with charges of "Bud is dud" and "Coke is a joke," but ended in vague agreements to steer more trade to minorities. In the meantime, however, Jackson will make party leaders sweat over his threats to carry the challenge right onto the floor of the convention. It is a game he enjoys. On the tour, Georgia's state party chairman Bert Lance, Jimmy Carter's good ole boy Budget Director, tried to down-play Jackson's obstreperousness by wishfully declaring that "Jesse is a Southerner, and we're Southerners, and we think alike." Jackson playfully followed up by suggesting the "real possibility" that he will make Lance his campaign co-chairman in the South. When Lance good-naturedly waved his thanks, Jackson deadpanned, "An outside chance."

While audiences almost everywhere roared for Jackson, Hart was not so lucky. In Albuquerque, he seemed to show the strains of his stalled candidacy by cracking lame jokes and giggling to himself as his listeners sat in embarrassed silence. Following Hart to the podium, Hollings showed his increasingly biting wit by remarking, "I don't know where you all took Gary Hart, but that was a pretty good trip." Hollings then announced to an audience of 700 Democratic donors: "I am the Cabbage Patch candidate. I want you to adopt me." Though his clowning may mask bitterness at being prematurely counted out of the race, Hollings seems to relish his role. On the trip, at least, he was also a more effective spokesman for the moderate-conservative viewpoint than Glenn, who seemed plodding and vague. "Old John is inadequate," Hollings told a reporter. "He just doesn't like politics."

BENN ARNOLD—PHOTOREPORTERS

Front Runner Mondale makes his pitch in Albuquerque

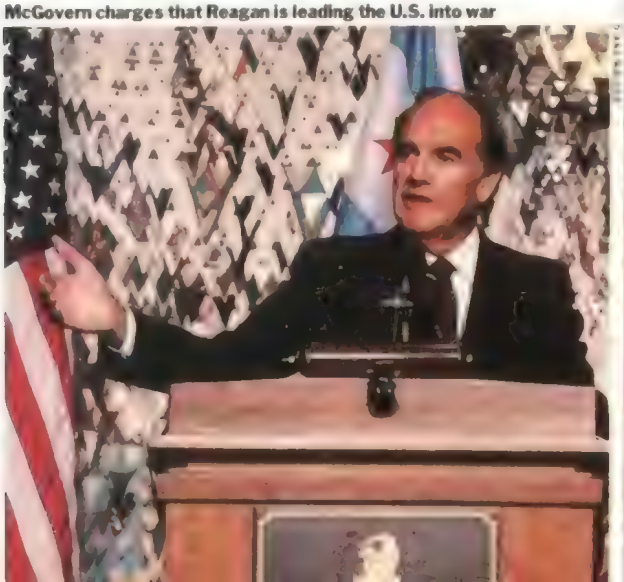
Only one candidate, McGovern, chose not to twit his competitors. Instead he addressed directly what may be the Democrats' best campaign issue. "Ronald Reagan," declared the onetime peace candidate, his voice hoarse from overuse, "is taking this country into war."

Mondale assiduously avoided such flat and potentially controversial pronouncements. He is wary of upsetting his strong Jewish support by embracing McGovern's Middle East solution, a straight troop withdrawal. Indeed, Mondale seemed to want to avoid altogether the Democrats' road show, which awkwardly exposed him as chief beneficiary of the party rules decried by Jackson and others. The final indignity came at tour's end, when Manatt, presumably trying to compliment Mondale and the other candidates, enigmatically described them as "not flashers, not streakers, but presidential sweepers."

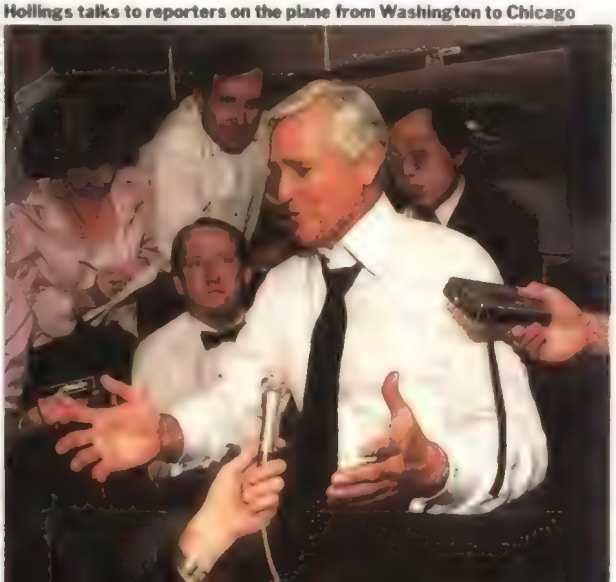
Meanwhile, Mondale's eight-cylinder organization was, as usual, in overdrive. On Saturday the front runner picked up the endorsement of the National Organization for Women. But Mondale had a harder time with the Alabama Democratic Conference, a statewide black organization whose support is crucial to winning the Alabama primary in March. The chairman, Joe Reed, supported him, but many other members backed Jackson. On Saturday, A.D.C. leaders compromised by endorsing Mondale for President and Jackson for Vice President. The Mondale organization, trying hard to lower expectations, pronounced itself pleased, but the mixed results raised again a nagging question about the depth of Mondale's support. He easily harvests the endorsements of party and constituent-group leaders, but the loyalty of their rank and file is often suspect. His weakness seemed to be underscored by a White House poll released last week that showed President Reagan leading both Mondale and Glenn by 16 points—his biggest lead in the G.O.P survey yet.

For Jackson, the Alabama draw was an upbeat end to a heady week. Whether his stump-speaking ability will translate into votes is uncertain, even doubtful, if he cannot pull together an efficient campaign organization. But Jackson's stunning reception pointed up a lack of fire in the other candidates. His wife Jacqueline, after listening to his competitors make speeches on the tour, asked bluntly: "Do they really think they can beat Reagan with one of these guys?" After last week, not a few Democrats are quietly asking themselves the same question. —*By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis/Washington and Jack E. White/Los Angeles*

McGovern charges that Reagan is leading the U.S. into war



Hollings talks to reporters on the plane from Washington to Chicago



Left Out in the Cold

With winter approaching, the ranks of the homeless swell

People with nothing much to do and no fixed address—hobos, drifters, tramps—used to seem almost romantic: accountable to none, their lives serendipitous and free. The truth, of course, has always been different. Rootlessness is usually endured, rarely chosen. "Knowing you don't have a place to live, the stark realization . . . it hurts," says Rose Harmon of Chicago, who has had no real home since 1978. But today in the U.S., instead of a few vagabonds here and there, legions of people are homeless, shuffling and stumbling over the national landscape. Indeed, late last month the Department of Health and Human Services estimated the U.S. homeless to be an astonishing 2 million, more than at any time since the Great Depression.*

For 230 million luckier Americans, bundled up and cheered by signs of new national prosperity, next Thursday's winter solstice will pass practically unnoticed amid the Christmas rush. But to the homeless, the change of seasons means that it gets harder to survive. During the past two years in New York City, at least 29 street people froze to death. Last February in Atlanta, Roosevelt Richardson, a drunk, climbed into an abandoned car to sleep; gangrene followed frostbite. "I didn't have a blanket," he says. "I guess that's why I lost my feet."

The misery, in fact, is year-round. "They've got tuberculosis, Salmonella, all the dysenteries," says Rodger Farr, a psychiatrist who ministers to the homeless of Los Angeles. Those dire circumstances are attracting attention: the U.S. Conference of Mayors and two foundations just announced a $20 million program aimed at delivering medical treatment to the homeless in 14 large cities.

*About 2 million were homeless in the 1930s as well, and virtually every city had a shanty "Hooverville."

Nothing much to do, no fixed address: homeless woman sleeps at New York Pennsylvania Station

Governments and charities will spend relatively little, about $500 million, to help the homeless this year. But the budgets are lurching upward. Since April, Congress has appropriated $140 million in special aid. New York City's expenditures on its 60,000 homeless people more than doubled this year, to $135 million. Officials at all levels seem to be scrambling to address—or dismiss—the problem. Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese caused a furor last week by dubiously claiming that "people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that's easier than paying for it." In San Francisco, declares Deputy Mayor Botea Gilford, the homeless are "the most difficult problem we have ever faced."

They are also probably the nation's most visible social failure. The homeless are everywhere. Theirs, however, is an *ad hoc*, nook-and-cranny geography. Hunkered down near a fence between a San Francisco freeway overpass and a grammar school. Asleep in the back room of an unguarded Chicago mortuary. Squatting near by in the dark eighth floor of an abandoned rooming house. Scrunched, and occasionally killed, inside Anchorage garbage dumpsters.

Who are they? "Since we opened in April," says Patricia Flannery, director of a Milwaukee shelter, one of a thousand in the U.S., "we have had only two classic bums." The tribe of the homeless has changed in character as it has grown. Among them now are displaced families, unable to find jobs or afford housing, or both. There are more women and many more young people: in San Francisco's seven public shelters, the median age is 35. A great many are illiterate, but surveys in New York City and San Francisco found about the same proportion of college graduates as in the general population.

At least a third of the homeless are mentally ill. Most have been released from state asylums during the past two decades as part of a well-intended campaign to free patients whose disorders can be controlled with drugs. "It was a good civil libertarian idea," says Dr. John Talbott, president-elect of the American Psychiatric Association. "The trouble was that city and state governments failed to set up a safety net for those who don't cope well." On Los Angeles' Skid Row, says Social Worker Herb Lester, "I get a lot of people who say, 'They gave me a bus ticket in Oklahoma and said to come here because they couldn't help me any more.' "

Rachel, 28, wanders around Los Angeles wearing sunglasses, one sneaker, a stained sweatshirt, baggy jeans. She is bright, well-read and terribly out of kilter. "I need to be in a normal situation around normal people," she says. One moment Rachel is cogent and socially deft, the next she is twitchy and incoherent. "I just want to be out in the forest by myself. I want people to leave me alone, so I tell them I'm O.K. and go my own way. But I get a block away and lose it. I freak out."

For the homeless, downtown can be a

terrifying bedlam, a place of cold stares, harassment by police and occasional attacks by violent punks. "You walk the streets out of loneliness," says Salvation Army Sociologist Ronald Vander Kooi, "and you start talking to yourself." Joseph Hanshaw, 19, has kept his bearings so far. Last spring he was kicked out of a Job Corps camp for selling marijuana. "Stupid," he admits. "I blew it." He has spent most of 1983 sleeping where he could around Manhattan. A job has eluded him, but, he says, "I'm trying to prove that I can make it on my own." Indeed, he would rather bunk down in a concrete corner of a bus depot than check into any city shelter. "I went to one once, but there was nothing there but bums. I ain't no bum and it will never come to that. I'm a normal guy," Hanshaw says. "I just ain't got a home."

Most families who take to the streets are only temporarily homeless—poor people whose predicament is the result of some personal catastrophe. Of the families lodged by New York City, a third have been evicted from apartments for not paying rent; the rest were driven out by fire or building condemnation. Ronald Thompson, a welder laid off in Texas, moved his wife and two small boys to Seattle last summer, hoping to find shipbuilding work. He did not, and the Thompsons, broke, finally spent weeks in a barren charity apartment. "I always thought I could give my family a home," he says. "Now, well, it just feels hopeless."

Despair has its own momentum. At loose ends and with no place to live, the luckless become scruffy; odd-looking, they are denied jobs; finding an apartment is all the harder. Says Les Brown, an advocate for Chicago's homeless: "They tend not to worry beyond getting through each day—how they're going to eat and avoid being hassled. It's difficult to get back up on the bottom rung of the ladder."

At the very least the homeless tend to become vague creatures of the moment. Doug, 31, arrived in Orlando almost a year ago and lost his job as a golf-course groundskeeper, he explains, because of a toothache. Says he, "I'm kind of in limbo." David Midgley, 29, who says he was a burglar in Oklahoma, has lived on the streets of San Francisco for ten months. What are his plans? "When it rains," he says, "I'll probably go on welfare." Howard, 40, was a house painter who now just roams downtown Washington, D.C. "I get dizzy sometimes," he says. "I'm walking along the sidewalk, and the next thing, I'm in the middle of the street with cars zooming by."

In Washington, as in most places, religious workers seem to be doing more than anyone else to care for the 5,000 street people. One volunteer group sends out two refitted Good Humor trucks to give away sandwiches and soup. At Rachel's Women's Center, run by Roman Catholics, 40 former mental patients can do laundry or talk to therapists, and once a week a hairdresser-turned-monk coifs all comers.

The urban missionaries know their almshouses are stopgaps. A recent article in the neoconservative quarterly *Public Interest* warned against "allowing the clients to 'adapt' " to a homeless "life-style," and Washington's Father Jack Pfannenstiel agrees. "These people are on the verge of taking over park benches and grates for good." He believes half of the homeless can be trained to work, and his new McKenna House shelter will aim to do just that.

Some governments have also begun to reconsider their quick-fix schemes. New York City has been paying an average of $1,400 a month to keep each of 2,300 families in sleazy way stations, but now the state and city have embarked on a plan to renovate 5,600 empty, publicly owned apartments for the homeless at a cost of $9,000 apiece. A Massachusetts law passed this fall permits welfare payments to people without permanent addresses and requires the commonwealth to underwrite a few months' rent if a household's eviction is imminent.

Phoenix is taking a different approach. Since 1979, city authorities have closed three shelter-*cum*-soup-kitchens and torn down 27 single-room occupancy hotels. In 1981, the city council declared garbage public property; it thus became a crime to scavenge through trash cans. Now the Chamber of Commerce is distributing anti-bum stickers (a silhouette of a park-bench sleeper overprinted with a slash) and last month held a "Downtown Is Fighting Back" rally to discourage tolerance of the homeless. Yet after all that, the number of homeless in Phoenix has doubled, to 3,000. If nothing else, living hand to mouth breeds resilience.

Such campaigns have failed before. Massachusetts Puritan communities like Hadley tried 300 years ago to exclude "unworthy persons or those liable to become a town charge." The town wound up with paupers anyway and felt obliged, after all, to board them somewhere. The homeless are unpleasant to contemplate, especially in a prosperous country. But if they are a public disgrace, they are also a public responsibility. —*By Kurt Andersen.*

Reported by Meg Grant/Los Angeles and Thomas McCarroll/New York, with other bureaus

Passing the time and drinking free coffee at Chicago's Center for Street People

More alone than at leisure, a down-and-out Phoenix resident has a snack and some sun

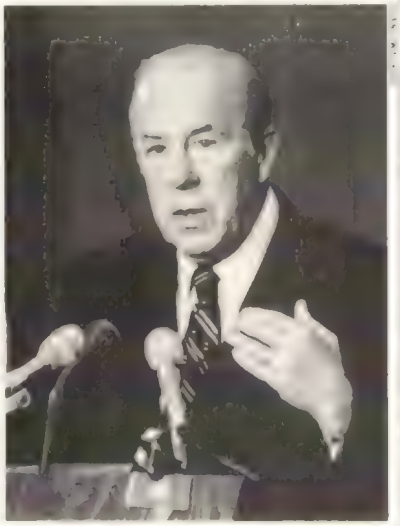
Exchanging Cautious Glances

The U.S. ponders Nicaragua's conciliatory gestures

"They are vastly different from the statements they were making some six months ago," said Secretary of State George Shultz. He was talking about the conciliatory tone of recent pronouncements by the leftist Sandinista government of Nicaragua. But perhaps more important, the same thing could be said about Shultz's own comments last week. When asked at a press conference about the new Sandinista approach, the Secretary said, "I welcome that. Of course, what we want is for a reality to be put behind the rhetoric. So naturally we want to probe and find out what is there. If Nicaragua is genuinely moving in the right direction, that is fine."

Although the U.S. remains skeptical of Nicaragua's intentions, at least on the surface there are signs of movement in the long-frozen relations between the two countries. Shultz's new softer tone was prompted by a series of announcements and a few specific actions by the Sandinista regime that sound, and may ultimately prove to be, substantive. The Managua government said that it plans to hold democratic elections in 1985, and that the long electoral process will begin next month. It announced a limited amnesty for Nicaraguans who fled the country after taking part in fighting or other "illegal activities" against the government since July 1979. If they return, it promised, they will be able to take part in the election and in land-reform programs.

More specifically, the government granted amnesty to 307 Miskito Indians who had been jailed for counterrevolutionary activities and invited some 70,000 Indians who had been driven by the government from their long-held tribal lands to return. "We recognize that we've committed arbitrary acts against Nicaraguans of Miskito origin," said Minister of the Interior Tómas Borge Martínez in a rare apology. Sandinista officials have for months privately confessed their gross mishandling of the Miskito issue. Borge also met with editors of the daily *La Prensa* and promised that its criticism of the Sandinista government would not be censored, as it has been in the past. The government even gave the economically shaky newspaper funds to buy scarce and expensive newsprint, the shortage of which brought *La Prensa* to the brink of shutdown last week. The Sandinistas have also sent home some 2,100 Cuban technicians, teachers and other workers whose presence in Nicaragua was a primary cause of concern to the Reagan Administration. An undisclosed number of Cuban military advisers remain.



Shultz at a press conference last week

Officials in Washington had tended to dismiss most of these moves as propaganda ploys. They noted that the Sandinista decrees specifically rule out any participation by counterrevolutionary guerrilla leaders in the electoral process as well as by anyone who had invited "foreign intervention" in Nicaragua. That, of course, meant that the varied factions of armed *contra* insurgents, most of whom have been fighting the government with ill-concealed CIA support, would be left out in the cold. Washington also says it considers the promise of elections in 1985 all too vague.

By last week, however, it was apparent that the Sandinista overtures were, at the very least, scoring public relations points in the U.S. and Western Europe while Washington was looking entirely too intransigent. Thus Shultz and other State Department officials took a softer

Yankees Leave Home

The gaily colored Air Florida 737 jet from Miami had barely taxied to a halt at the Tegucigalpa airport when a column of trucks loaded with Honduran policemen careered across the runway to head it off. As police surrounded the aircraft, troops slithered down ropes from helicopters hovering overhead and flung themselves on the ground with rifles ready. The cause of their concern: the arrival of 40 clergywomen, the first planeload of 140 American and Canadian nuns and lay workers headed for a four-day prayerful protest against U.S. policy in Central America. The Honduran government barred the other 100 even before they left the U.S., calling them "subversives," but the Sandinista government in neighboring Nicaragua invited all 140 women to pursue their protest there.

Nicaragua has become a mecca for Americans who reject the Reagan Administration's policy of saber rattling and providing covert aid to the *contras* seeking to overthrow the leftist Sandinista government. Several hundred American residents of Nicaragua lend the government their expertise in such fields as agriculture, health, culture and industry. In addition, "solidarity" groups in the U.S. sponsor as many as ten different delegations every month for brief but busy tours of revolutionary life.

Housewives, professors, actors, doctors, writers, clergymen, nuns, computer programmers, retirees and students tumble off the afternoon Aeronica flight from Miami, loosening ties and donning VIVA SANDINO! T shirts in anticipation of tropical heat and revolutionary fervor. The itinerary includes weekly "face the people" meetings that Nicaraguan leaders usually hold in poor *barrios* of Managua. "We are ashamed, truly ashamed, as U.S. citizens, about the Reagan Administration policy toward Nicaragua," proclaimed Paula Braverman, a San Francisco physician, at a recent rally.

Once a week between 7:30 and 8:30 a.m., about 30 Americans gather outside the U.S. embassy to wave placards, chant and sing. One popular new song: "Don't rescue me, I want to be free." U.S. Ambassador Anthony Quainton tries to receive every delegation that passes through to "answer their questions."

The first of an expected 500 U.S. volunteers began arriving last week to help harvest the coffee crop, while other U.S. volunteers began rotating two-week vigils in hot spots along the Honduran border. They hope to act as a "human shield" to discourage *contra* attacks. "We don't want to minimize the risk," says Jim Wallis, a religious organizer from Washington who is now in Nicaragua. "But we believe it's time for U.S. citizens to share that risk."

Despite recent peace feelers by Managua to Washington, most of the pro-Sandinista solidarity groups see little chance that U.S. policy will change. But the Yankees have no intention of going home. Says Witness for Peace Spokesman Dennis Marker: "We are prepared to continue our vigil until the U.S. ends its support of the *contras*."

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line. Said one last week: "We must find out if they're for real, and that means some talking."

So far, most of the talking for the U.S. is being done by Richard Stone, the Administration's special Central American envoy. After meetings with five of the rebel groups, he reportedly has secured an agreement from all of them to talk to the Sandinista government. This can happen only if the Sandinista junta, and especially its leader, Daniel Ortega Saavedra, changes its position and agrees to meet with the *contra* rebels. There was a possibility that Vice President George Bush would informally discuss the situation with Ortega over the weekend in Buenos Aires. Both were there for the inauguration of Argentina's new President, Raúl Alfonsín. Before returning home, Bush was to visit El Salvador, where the leftist insurgency has been scoring military successes.

The U.S. insists that the main forum for any substantive talks must be the negotiations being pursued by the Contadora group (Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama), which is seeking a broad peace agreement in Central America. "We support that process," Shultz emphasized again last week. The Contadora representatives are scheduled to gather next week in Panama City.

At the moment, Nicaragua's reported concessions to the Contadora group do not satisfy Washington. The Sandinistas have proposed a reduction in the number of foreign military advisers and a ban on any outside nation using military bases in the area. Managua also has proposed a bilateral treaty with the U.S. as part of any settlement. But such a pact would, in Washington's view, compel the U.S. to accept the Sandinista claim that the *contras* are CIA puppets. While the Administration has not denied that it is supporting the *contras*, it considers them highly independent groups that it cannot always control. Indeed, an important concern of Washington officials is that a deal with the Sandinista regime would pull the rug out from under the *contras*, who have been an important instrument for the U.S. in applying pressure on Managua. In addition, if the Sandinistas were to violate any agreement later on, it would be almost impossible for the U.S. either to guarantee the safety of the *contras* or to gear them up again.

No one can predict just where the current diplomatic moves on Central America will lead. But there is a growing sense in Washington that the stirrings may represent the last and best chance to ease the crisis. Explains Robert Leiken, an expert on Latin America at the Washington-based Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: "We may be moving toward a group of significant decisions that could mean either negotiations or war." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Juan Maltes/Managua and Barrett Seaman/Washington*

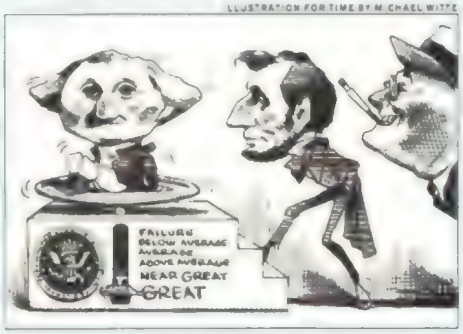
The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Trying to Measure Greatness

Presidential greatness has been pondered by amateurs and experts for two centuries. In 1948 Harvard Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr. conducted the first formal survey, asking 55 "experts," the majority of whom were professional historians, to rate the Presidents. Lincoln, Washington, Franklin Roosevelt, Wilson and Jefferson topped the list in that order.

Since then there have been six other reputable surveys, the latest just published by the *Journal of American History*. Hundreds of questions were sent to 1,997 historians by Robert K. Murray and Tim H. Blessing of Pennsylvania State University. Answers from 846 historians, a good return from this cantankerous breed, arrived in time for the first computer deadline, and the emerging data provided not only a fascinating profile of greatness, or lack of it, but an intriguing look at those who set the rankings.

In the new survey, as in the Schlesinger ratings, Lincoln was voted our best President. F.D.R. moved to second place, and Washington fell to third. Also rated as great: Jefferson, who supplanted Wilson in the top four. Rated as near great: Teddy Roosevelt, Wilson, Jackson, Truman. Above average: John Adams, Lyndon Johnson, Eisenhower, Polk, Kennedy, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Cleveland. Average: McKinley, Taft, Van Buren, Hoover, Hayes, Arthur, Ford, Carter, Benjamin Harrison. Below average: Taylor, Tyler, Fillmore, Coolidge, Pierce. Failure: Andrew Johnson, Buchanan, Nixon, Grant, Harding. (William H. Harrison, Garfield and Reagan were not rated because they were not in office long enough for the historians to form judgments.)



Ike and Kennedy edged up from previous ratings. Cleveland, however, who was eighth in the first survey, was down to 17th in the Murray-Blessing rankings. Of contemporary interest was the fact that Ford was graded higher than Carter, and out of the nine Presidents since 1929, all except Nixon rated average or above. Nixon got some credit but not enough to keep him out of the lowest-rated group.

Older historians, it turns out, were more lenient in judging Presidents. Toughest on Hoover, for instance, were those under 40 and easiest were those over 65, the very children of the Depression so often blamed on Hoover. Women historians (only 59 were tabulated) were generally harsher in judging Presidents than the men. For whatever reasons, they were particularly down on Polk and Washington. They rated Carter, L.B.J., Grant and Kennedy higher than did the men.

Northerners were easier on Rutherford B. Hayes than the experts in other regions. The South had a special feeling for the last Whig, Millard Fillmore. The Midwest gave Truman and Ike an edge. In almost every instance, a historian studying a specific President was more sympathetic to him. Military historians downgraded the Naval Academy's own Jimmy Carter. Afro-American historians rated Jefferson relatively lower; Western and Frontier historians put him higher.

For years there has been an assumption that Eastern Establishment historians dominated the scene and weighted assessments according to their bias and intellectual arrogance. This study may have discredited that myth. The institution that had the most Ph.D. historians was the University of Wisconsin, with 70. Harvard was a poor second, with 49. When Murray-Blessing separated the experts into categories such as the Ivy League and the Big Ten, they found insignificant variations in assessments. For instance, the Ivy League rated Chester Arthur lower and Martin Van Buren higher than did the folks in the Big Ten. Only their mothers could care.

Responding historians were generally enthusiastic about the survey, but Murray and Blessing concede that they got critical comments from colleagues on survey questions and organization. Nevertheless, the authors believe in their work enough to suggest that the ratings of past Presidents are not likely to change much in the future. The two scholars concluded from their data that those historians who participated made their rankings not on the dubious grounds of personality traits like idealism, flexibility and obduracy, but on the solid dimensions of actual presidential accomplishments.

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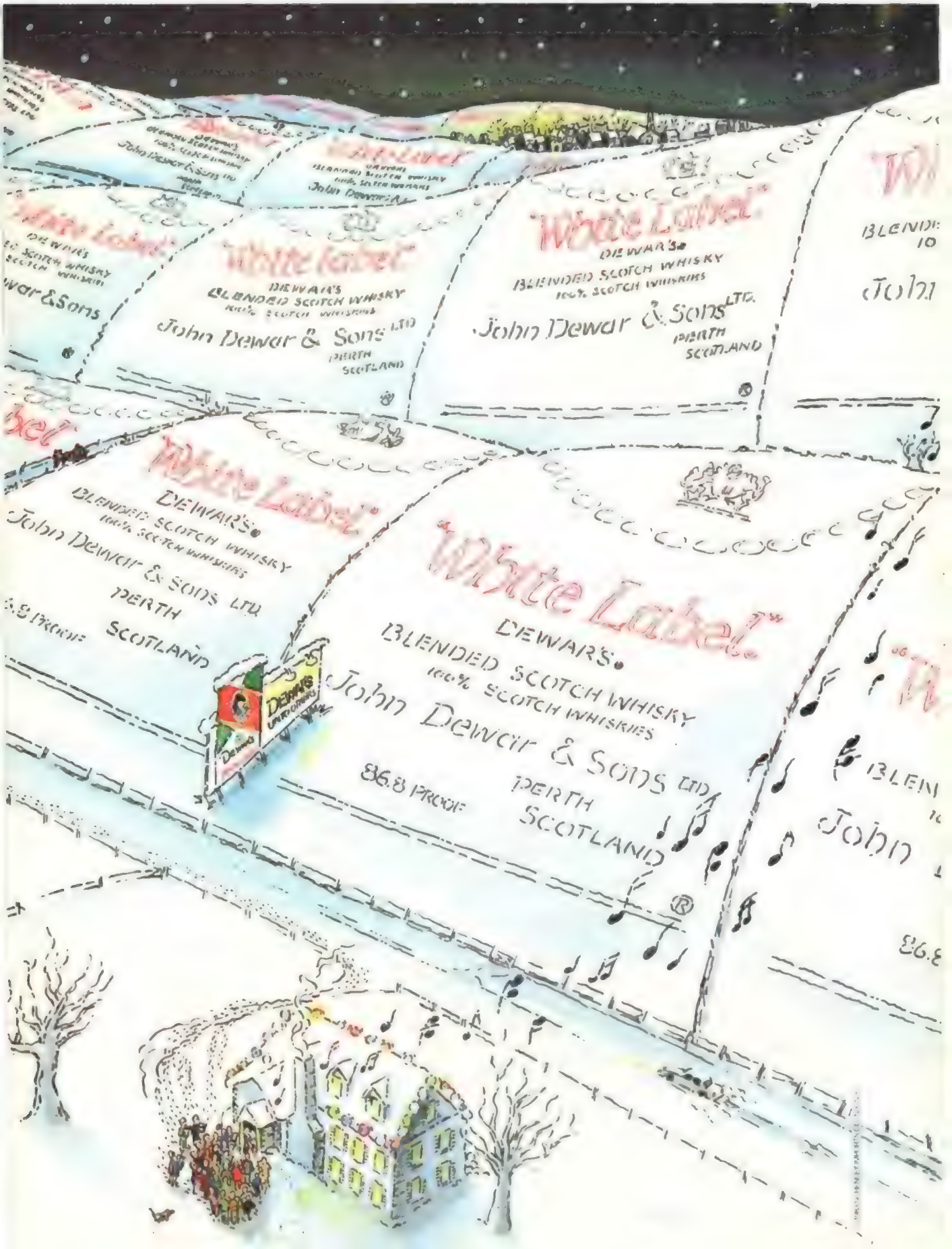
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Hardball

A major league job for Baker?

In the Reagan White House it is customary to diffuse controversy with a snappy one-liner that lightens the mood. When rumors began circulating last week that Chief of Staff James Baker might leave his post to become commissioner of baseball, Baker made full use of the jocular material at hand. In response to reporters' shouts of "Play ball!," Baker pantomimed a pitch, and grinned at every fatuous request for tickets to the World Series. Even his colleagues got in a few cuts. At a staff meeting, Baker found an official major league baseball next to his coffee cup. Said another Reagan aide: "He's having some fun with the whole thing."

The fun soon wore thin. Some viewed the episode as a rare example of hubris from Baker and an embarrassment to President Reagan, who learned that he might lose his aide from the morning newspaper. Said Reagan: "I was as surprised as anyone to read that." Baker later told the President that he had not received a formal offer from the team owners and that he regretted that the story had leaked. The two men agreed to discuss the matter further this week.

When the rumor of Baker's departure surfaced at an owners' meeting in Nashville, some political pros took it as a sign that Reagan might not seek a second term. Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, who heads the Reagan re-election effort, quickly reasserted that the President would declare his candidacy in late January, and stressed that Baker was "vital to the re-election effort. He's a hell of a lot more important than [Campaign Director] Ed Rollins or myself."

That sort of ego massage may have been what Baker had in mind when he issued a tepid "no comment" instead of hotly denying the baseball commission story. In the past, Baker tried hard to squelch rumors that he would run for a Senate seat. However, he did covet William Clark's post as National Security Adviser, and had persuaded Reagan to appoint him as Clark's successor until Presidential Counsellor Ed Meese and other hard-liners sabotaged his bid. His pique and frustration may have made him receptive to job offers. "The fact that Baker has not knocked this story down with a baseball bat," says one associate, "shows that it's still a possibility." For their part, the baseball owners announced that Bowie Kuhn would stay on as commissioner until March 1, and that they could not determine when his successor would be named.

If Baker stays in the running, it will reinforce the impression that the White House staff is restless and feuding. Director of Communications David Gergen resigned last week to accept a fellowship at Harvard's Institute of Politics. Three weeks earlier, Legislative Liaison Kenneth Duberstein quit to join a private lobbying firm. The departure of these two "pragmatists" as well as the expected resignation early next year of Budget Director David Stockman, will leave Baker with only two staunch allies in the White House, Michael Deaver and Richard Darman. That prospect, along with the fatigue of three years in a very demanding job, may be the reason that one of Reagan's steadiest players is flirting with the idea of becoming a free agent. ■

Baker with Gergen at the White House
"He's having fun with the whole thing."

House Guards

More presidential security

When King Birendra of Nepal departed from the southwest gate of the White House last week after a state visit with President Reagan, his limousine was forced to make an abrupt turn to weave its way slowly past a narrow, 3-ft.-high stretch of concrete block. The V-shaped barricades took the place of three sand-filled dump trucks that had blocked the gate after threats had been received from Shi'ite groups. These are only the latest in a series of security measures aimed at better protecting the President and fortifying the White House against possible terrorist attacks.

New safeguards were in operation when the President visited Indianapolis to address the National Forum on Excellence in Education. Every downtown intersection near the motorcade's route was blocked off with snowplows, dump trucks and empty buses. The Secret Service also has added a truck of machine gun–ready agents to every motorcade since the March 1981 assassination attempt on Reagan. Even before a motorcade roars up to a presidential function, agents with metal detectors have carefully screened guests for weapons. Vigilance has also touched the President's weekend jaunts to Camp David; the helicopter departure time from the White House lawn is changed on short notice to make his movements less predictable.

Safety precautions are not limited to possible ground attacks. Presidents have been protected from an air attack by a cache of ground-to-air missiles that are hidden near the White House. From a command and control center in the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House, security officers closely monitor all aircraft using nearby National Airport; they have less than a minute to decide whether to fire if a plane deviates suspiciously from an established flight pattern. Officials refuse to say what types of missiles are used.

The Secret Service has seen its budget boosted since Reagan took office. The 1984 budget calls for more than $270 million, up $30 million from last year. Explains Chief of Staff James Baker: "The fact that we tend to be very responsive to their requests stems from the fact that we almost lost this President." ■

High and Dry

Not enough fuel for the fleet

To beef up the Navy, the Reagan Administration has almost doubled the money spent on building new ships and warplanes in the past three years. Yet if war broke out, the Navy would still not be able to send to sea enough carriers or air wings to fight effectively, according to a study released last week by the General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress.

Traditionally, Congress and the Pentagon like to build showy weapons systems but tend to skimp on less glamorous things. The Administration has increased spending on maintenance, spare parts, fuel and other elements of combat "readiness" by only 7%. As a result, states the GAO report, only eight of the Navy's 14 aircraft carriers could put to sea within two months of the outbreak of war, and only 60% of its warplanes are combat ready.

Navy Secretary John Lehman insists that he is trying hard to overcome the readiness neglect of the past ten years. The Carter Administration could put only six carriers to sea, he says, and the Navy now has 20% more combat-ready planes.

The GAO, however, claims that the Navy overstates its readiness statistics and that in any case will not meet its own requirements until 1990. Indeed, it may never do so unless Congress realizes that military spending is for combat preparedness, not for bringing bacon home to their districts. ■

His jet fighter hit by Syrian fire, Navy Commander Edward Andrews parachutes to safety in Lebanese town

JOHN ZOUMBY—UPI

COVER STORIES

Dug In and Taking Losses

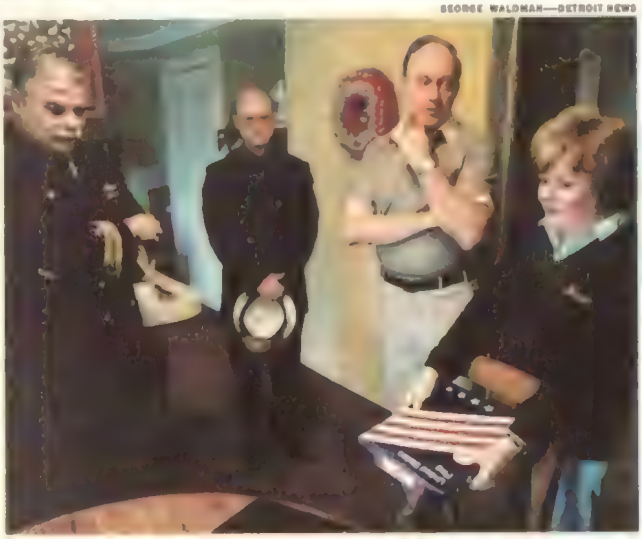
A costly clash with Syria stirs rising concern in the U.S. over its Middle East role

The 28 U.S. Navy planes that attacked Syrian positions in Lebanon early last week were meant to send a message to the government of President Hafez Assad: for every Syrian strike against American forces, such as the previous day's firing on U.S. reconnaissance planes, expect a strike in return. Unfortunately, delivering the message proved costly: two planes lost, one pilot killed, one captured, a Lebanese woman dead in the crash of one of the fighter-bombers. The air attack also sent a number of unintended messages. It told the Lebanese that the U.S. armed forces are neither invincible nor invulnerable. It told the Israelis that the newly revived concept of "strategic cooperation" between Washington and Jerusalem means that Israel should stay in Lebanon and help the U.S. fight Syria. It told the American people and their Congress that, whatever the U.S. role in Lebanon may be, the safety of American fighting men there must be improved and their purpose more clearly defined. It told the Administration that its Middle East policy may need some serious rethinking. Finally, it told the world that in any kind of Middle East peace negotiations, Syria simply cannot be ignored *(see following story)*.

The week was a nine-ring circus of death and despair. After Sunday's raid came an intensive artillery barrage by Syrian-backed Druze militiamen, resulting in the death of eight U.S. Marines near Beirut International Airport. In Beirut itself, a car bomb exploded in a crowded street, killing 14 people. Nobody was apprehended, and as usual, the list of suspects was endless. Next day a terrorist bomb exploded on a crowded bus in Jerusalem, killing five Israelis and wounding 45 others. For this senseless slaughter, two warring branches of the Palestine Liberation Organization, including the mainstream group led by Chairman Yasser Arafat, claimed responsibility. A day later, Arafat's group admitted making the attack but said it had made a mistake and hit the wrong bus. The recantation came too late. Presumably in response to the bus bombing, Israeli missile boats shelled Arafat's redoubt at the northern Lebanese port city of Tripoli, from which the P.L.O. chairman was trying to arrange an exit for himself and the dwindling forces still loyal to him.

No less disturbing were the political and diplomatic questions raised by the latest events. The Lebanese, inured as they are to the endless fighting, showed few signs of being able to achieve any sort of national reconciliation. The Syrians, despite the widely reported but still unexplained illness of President Assad, were determinedly pursuing their objectives in Lebanon and openly boasting about their military prowess in the face of the U.S. air attack. The Egyptians, whose peace treaty with Israel, orchestrated by the U.S. at Camp David, ranks as the most significant diplomatic achievement in the Middle East during the past decade, were publicly expressing shock over Washington's newly proclaimed alignment with Israel. In France, Italy and Britain, critics of those

GEORGE WALDMAN—DETROIT NEWS



Navy officials inform Walter and Arlene Lange of the death of their son Mark

Lebanese soldiers carry a piece of the U.S. jet that was hit by Syrian fire and crashed into a house in Zuq Mikhail

WACHTWEY—BLACK STAR

countries' commitments to the Multi-National Force in Lebanon were urging a pullout, though all three U.S. allies reaffirmed that they would leave their troops in place at least for the time being.

Particularly dispiriting was the sense that the U.S. was becoming so bogged down in immediate problems—how to safeguard the Marines, how to keep the Lebanese government from falling apart—that it could not concentrate on the search for a wider peace in the Middle East. With the U.S. battening down for the coming presidential-election campaign, not much in the way of hard thinking could be expected on that front. Nonetheless, the Administration maintained that it was making some progress. The Syrians are still dealing with the U.S. Ambassador in Damascus, and have generally been less bellicose in private than in their public utterances. They have also said that they are still prepared to talk to U.S. Special Envoy Donald Rumsfeld.

At the same time, the Administration insisted that the naval air strike had been a success on a number of counts. It had destroyed several menacing targets. It had signaled Syria that it could not continue to attack American reconnaissance flights and get away with it. Critics in Congress and the press, however, wondered aloud whether the attack had not been a failure *(see box)*. Though the Reagan Administration was correct in its assertion that the raid had silenced the Syrian antiaircraft batteries, there was no indication of how long they would remain silent. In any event, the mission's successes were obscured by the criticism that followed. The Syrians were jubilant at the downing of the U.S. planes, and other Arab nations considered it at least a minor setback for U.S. prestige.

Nor was U.S. prestige helped much by the awkward situation of the 1,800-member 22nd Marine Amphibious Unit in Lebanon. The Marines have been hunkered down for weeks now. Their mission has become one of self-defense: piling up more and more sandbags to reinforce their positions.

After the Sunday naval strike, the Marines were ready for trouble, and it came that night. Shortly after dark, a Marine officer saw shells exploding around Lebanese Army positions in the nearby town of Khalde. The firefight picked up, and soon the Marines were being hit by the most intensive bombardment they had faced in Lebanon. One company reported it was being shelled by multiple-launched 107-mm or 122-mm rockets. Another said its command post was being hit by a 23-mm antiaircraft weapon only 817 yards away. Machine-gun and small-arms fire was fierce. "I was scared to death," said Staff Sergeant Eddie Evans, 28, of Smithfield, Tenn.

The Marines fired back with everything they had, as ships of the Sixth Fleet joined the defense with their 5-in. guns. Throughout the evening, one of the hottest spots was Checkpoint 7, two rooftop

BILL BALLENBERG

Marine Nick Augustine greets his family

BALLENBERG

North Carolina schoolchildren display a sign welcoming Marines home from Lebanon

A body is removed by stretcher from a burning building after car-bomb explosion in West Beirut

observation posts outside the Marines' eastern flank, which were manned by a total of 19 Marines. So intense was the fire that five members of one squad left their bunkers voluntarily, scampered up two flights of stairs and a metal ladder, to join their firepower to that of five comrades who were already in the rooftop fighting position. That act of gallantry cost them dearly. Three rocket-propelled grenades burst on the sandbags around the position without causing significant damage. But at about 10 p.m., a single 120-mm mortar round crashed through the roof, blowing up the bunker with the ten Marines inside. Rescuers arrived to find a ghastly scene, the ruined bunker a swamp of blood. Only three of the ten men had survived the blast, and all were wounded, one mortally. They lay among the bodies of their comrades, surrounded by spilling sandbags and spent cartridge cases.

In an alleyway below the house, the Marines tried frantically to save the injured. Working in a pool of light cast by a Lebanese boy's flashlight, they applied dressings in a vain attempt to stanch the flow of blood from a stomach wound. When the man died, they moved quickly to help in treating the other casualties. "They kept encouraging a Marine who was wounded in the leg," recalled the boy, Nizar Nassib Kady, 16, whose family lived in the two-story residence underneath the Marine position. "They kept saying to him, 'Don't give up hope.' They were nervous and very angry."

The next day the Marine commander, Brigadier General Jim Joy, described the engagement: "We fought a pretty good scrap for three hours. We acquitted ourselves well. I was extremely proud of this organization." Then he explained how it had happened that ten Marines were clustered in a rooftop bunker that "probably should not have had more than four." Added Lieut. Colonel Ray Smith, a battalion commander: "I certainly don't fault them for doing it." There were other skirmishes throughout the week, but none so serious as the one that cost the lives of the eight Marines.

The Navy's air attack brought the U.S. closer to actual warfare with an Arab nation than it had ever been. It also seemed to place the Syrians in a somewhat stronger psychological position in regard to the U.S. Syrian authorities turned over the body of the dead pilot, Lieut. Mark A. Lange, 26, of Fraser, Mich., to the Lebanese Army for relay to the U.S. command in Beirut. But the Syrian Defense Minister, Major General Mustafa Tlas, said his government would not surrender the captured pilot, Lieut. Robert O. Goodman, 27, of Portsmouth, N.H., until "the war has ended and American troops have left Lebanon."

Arafat praying in his bedroom in Tripoli

Brothers and cousins against the outsider.

Furthermore, the incident had undoubtedly diminished the U.S. in Arab eyes. Once again the Arab world demonstrated the validity of an ancient proverb: "I and my brother against my cousin. But I, my brother and my cousin against the outsider." Syria is vastly unpopular within the Arab fold, but last week one Arab state after another condemned the U.S. raid. Saudi Arabia's Foreign Minister, Prince Saud al Faisal, expressed his government's "deep concern," while Kuwait railed against the "flagrant aggression." Even Arafat, who has been practically driven into the sea by Syrian-supported P.L.O. rebels, issued a statement backing Syria against the U.S. "I fully support the Syrian army against the American raids," Arafat told reporters while negotiations continued for his evacuation from Tripoli.

The Soviet Union was predictably harsh in its criticism of the U.S. action. Declared Leonid Zamyatin, the Kremlin's chief spokesman: "We condemn this act of aggression. We condemn the actions of the U.S. and Israel, and will give support and aid to those who are countering aggression in that region." But his comments stopped well short of specific threats. The assumption was that unless the U.S. attacked Syria itself, the Soviets would not risk a military response.

Privately, the governments of Britain, France and Italy had reservations about the Navy air raid. They were particularly upset that they had received virtually no advance notice that the attack would take place. The British acknowledged publicly that the U.S. had an "inherent right of self-defense," but they were angry about what one official described as Ronald Reagan's "ill-advised, counterproductive and downright dangerous" escalation of the conflict. The British disagree with the U.S. perception of Syria as a Soviet satellite and are concerned that Washington will seek to use Israel as "America's Cuba." Similarly, the French government described the U.S. raid as "retaliatory" in nature. But the French, who had previously staged a retaliatory raid of their own, were nonetheless fearful that the U.S. attack would narrow the chances of a negotiated settlement involving Syria. Late last week the three West European governments asked the U.S. for greater consultation in the future.

The most immediate issue facing the Reagan Administration was what to do about the Marines. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have been working for some time on a plan to move them from the Beirut airport area to safer ground in Lebanon or to amphibious vessels offshore. Their place at the airport would then be taken by Lebanese soldiers, by other members of the Multi-National Force, or possibly even by troops from an as-yet-undesignated neutral nation. Within the Administration, some aides question whether the Marines are performing any really effective func-

tion in Lebanon. But the President is not prepared to pull them out in the face of Syrian military pressure, and he has considerable support for this position. In his regular radio message last Saturday, Reagan defended his policy and implied that the Marines would stay until Lebanon's "internal security is established and the withdrawal of all foreign forces is assured."

The predicament of the Marines has not yet become a pressing domestic political issue, but it is moving in that direction. Last week Charles Manatt, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declared in San Francisco that the Reagan Administration is leading the country toward a nuclear holocaust and that Lebanon is becoming a "quagmire" for U.S. forces. In Alexandria, Va., Democratic Presidential Aspirant John Glenn argued that at its present pace, the fighting in Lebanon "is going to escalate and escalate and escalate until we find ourselves in an inextricable position."

Some observers have argued that if the U.S. cannot manage to get the Syrians and the Israelis to withdraw from Lebanon, then perhaps the U.S. should settle for *de facto* partition, with the Syrians and Israelis holding on to the regions that they currently occupy. That might be an acceptable solution if the situation in Lebanon were stable, and if there were a tacit agreement by all parties to keep it that way. But there is no such stability. Under a continuing partition, the Lebanese factions would simply keep fighting, and the probing between the Syrians and Israelis could be expected to continue.

Of late, the Israelis have been talking as if they really want to pull out of Lebanon for good. Assuming the present situation is allowed to continue indefinitely, the greatest danger could come if the Syrians, sensing weakness, suddenly became overly bold, thereby causing the Israelis to strike back hard. That in turn could lead all too easily to a confrontation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, a prospect that has troubled Washington since the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in June 1982.

Last week, as he reflected on the present state of U.S.-Soviet entanglements in the Middle East and elsewhere, a senior U.S. official said, "We have a situation where both of us are losing control of events, and there is not an awful lot either of us can do about it." Lebanon remains the most dangerous flashpoint of the moment, and thus the one where the most elaborate caution must be exercised.

In the meantime, 7,500 miles away from Lebanon, in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Lance Corporal Terry Hudson, 22, of Prichard, Ala., died at the Brooke Army Medical Center of wounds he suffered in the Oct. 23 terrorist bombing of Marine headquarters in Beirut. He is the 240th American serviceman to have died from that explosion, and the 254th killed since the Marines took up their increasingly perilous duties in Lebanon last year. ***—By William E. Smith. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington and John Saar/***

What Went Wrong

When two U.S. Navy attack planes were downed during last week's raid on Syrian missile positions, Pentagon officials quickly ran into some heavy flak at home about what had gone wrong. In Washington and elsewhere critics demanded to know why the U.S. had suffered such humiliating losses in a single mission, especially when the Israelis have for years conducted similar sorties in the region virtually unscathed.

Navy officials who sought to deflect the criticism had plausible answers to many of the questions. True, the A-6E and A-7E fighter-bombers used in the attack were subsonic planes designed in the late 1950s, giving rise to charges that outdated equipment was at fault. But Navy spokesmen pointed out that even the Navy's new F/A-18 high-performance fighter-bomber must slow to subsonic speeds to deliver bombs.

Officials also dismissed the suggestion that because the planes flew at a relatively high 20,000 feet before diving for the attack, they were easier targets than if they had flown the entire mission at low altitudes, as the Israelis often do. On the contrary, said a high-ranking admiral, "if you come in low in daylight, you expose yourself to everyone with a gun."

Other aspects of the raid were harder to explain. The main reason the two planes had been destroyed, said the Navy, was that they encountered unusually intense antiaircraft fire. Yet the strike had been ordered to retaliate for heavy Syrian fire the day before on a U.S. reconnaissance plane. Despite that warning, Navy officials claimed that the intense antiaircraft fire the next day had caught their pilots by surprise.

FRANCOISE DEMULDER

A-6E attack plane on the carrier *Independence* off Lebanon

The Navy's A-6E, which cost $22 million in 1982 (the A-7E cost $14 million when last procured in 1980), is supposedly equipped with advanced electronics for low-visibility missions. But a nighttime raid was ruled out on grounds that the pilots could pinpoint their targets only in daylight. In spite of that, the attack was launched before an early-morning haze masking the Syrian positions had lifted.

Those disadvantages were compounded by a decision to dispatch the 28 planes in a "target rich" stream that gave the Syrian gunners a greater opportunity to adjust their weapons. "It's not so bad if you're the lead plane," says a U.S. pilot with experience in the Viet Nam War, "but if you're number five or eight, or worse, 28, you're going to catch hell." It seems likely that the two downed planes and a third that escaped with minor damage were hit with concentrated bursts of conventional antiaircraft or machine-gun fire, rather than by Soviet-made SA-7 or SA-9 heat-seeking missiles, which can easily be deflected by dropping heat balloons. By contrast, Israeli pilots minimize the danger of antiaircraft fire by attacking with smaller strike forces often spread over several hours.

Still, even experienced Israeli officers conceded that a perfect bombing run against Syria's heavily fortified installations was virtually impossible. All the more surprising, therefore, was the U.S. decision to risk an air strike when an alternative was available: shelling the Syrian positions with the 16-in. guns of the battleship *New Jersey*, cruising off the Lebanese coast well within range of the Syrian targets. A Navy spokesman insisted that a "forward observer," such as a reconnaissance plane, would have been needed to help the battleship's guns zero in on Syria's missile batteries and to minimize civilian casualties. What he was unable to explain was why a reconnaissance plane could not be provided.

The Pentagon has tried to justify the losses from the air strike with the conclusion that the raid was "very successful and achieved our objective" of ending attacks on U.S. reconnaissance flights, which have already resumed. That view is mistaken, according to some military experts familiar with the Middle East. "I'll be surprised if the attack managed to do much lasting damage to Syrian antiaircraft capabilities," said one analyst, who predicted that the Syrians would soon redeploy their batteries. That raises not only the possibility of further strikes from U.S. forces but also the question of how such strikes should be carried out.

Bidding for a Bigger Role

With cunning and ruthlessness, Syria seeks to become the prime Arab power

In the heart of old Damascus sits the filigreed stone tomb of Saladin, the 12th century sultan who ruled an empire stretching from Cairo to Baghdad. Worshipers bound for the gleaming Umayyad mosque pass by without pausing, and children scamper in a nearby courtyard oblivious of his presence. Yet as the premier potentate of the region, the conqueror of Jerusalem and the fearless warrior who helped crush the Crusaders, Saladin united a divided region and set off a burst of pride among his people that glowed for centuries.

Though aspirations and methods have been adjusted to the realities of the 1980s, the passion for hegemony lives on in Damascus. Under the shrewd, ruthless, brutally dictatorial guidance of President Hafez Assad, 53, Syria has been making a bid for the past decade to grasp the torch of Arab unity and emerge as the pre-eminent power in the Middle East. By keeping its 62,000 troops in Lebanon and by supporting factions opposed to the government of Lebanese President Amin Gemayel, Syria has become the key player in that fractured country's future. By fueling the raging rebellion within the Palestine Liberation Organization against Chairman Yasser Arafat, Syria is intent on seizing control of the Palestinian movement. Finally, by bullying and cajoling its Arab neighbors, Syria is building what it hopes will be a united front to reach its ultimate objective: a comprehensive, made-in-Damascus solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict.

In pursuing those goals, Syria is pushing the battle-scarred region perilously close to yet another major war. Even if Syria does not risk confronting the U.S. as directly as it did in the skies over Lebanon last week, Assad has forced both the U.S. and the Soviet Union to become more deeply and more dangerously entwined in the Middle East muddle than perhaps either superpower would like. After its humiliating rout by Israeli forces during their 1982 invasion of southern Lebanon, Syria has rebuilt its stock of military hardware to even greater levels with help from its chief sponsors, the Soviets.

Though the Reagan Administration initially sent U.S. Marines to Beirut last year to ensure the safe departure of Yasser Arafat's brigades from the Lebanese capital, Assad has helped keep U.S. forces mired there far longer than Washington anticipated. Faced with an Israeli-Lebanese accord that provided for the withdrawal of Israeli troops from Lebanon but failed to take account of Syria, Assad responded by stoutly refusing to pull out his own soldiers and by stirring the embers of hatred among the country's myriad factions against Israelis and Americans alike. The Reagan Administration, moreover, is convinced that Syria had prior knowledge of, and perhaps even masterminded, the October suicide-bombing of U.S. Marine headquarters in Beirut that killed 240 servicemen. For the past two months, Syrian antiaircraft batteries have taken potshots at U.S. reconnaissance planes over Syrian-controlled parts of Lebanon; when the barrage intensified two weeks ago, the U.S. responded with its Sunday-morning reprisal raid. With each passing week, Syria seems to grow bolder in striking out at the U.S. presence in Lebanon. Says a Syrian foreign ministry official: "Assad will do anything to convince the Americans that the road to peace must lead through Damascus, and this includes showing the Americans he can hurt them." With both U.S. and Soviet soldiers in the region, that strategy also risks igniting a superpower clash.

THOMAS HARTWELL

Statue of President Assad at Damascus library named for him

So enigmatic is he that close aides call him "the Sphinx."

At home, Assad has brought a stable government to a country that had rarely experienced that phenomenon before he came to power 13 years ago. His durability is especially noteworthy considering that Assad belongs to the Alawite sect, an offshoot of Shi'ite Islam that accounts for only 13% of his country's 9.6 million people (most of the rest are Sunni Muslims). Assad's long tenure has, however, been purchased at great cost. The regime cruelly silences opponents both at home and abroad, maintains a standing army of 275,000, and has five intelligence agencies to keep watch on the citizenry.

In recent weeks the state of Assad's health, always a crucial question in a one-man regime like Syria's, has become a subject of intense worldwide speculation. Syrian officials announced last month that their leader had suffered an attack of appendicitis. That diagnosis lost credibility when the patient failed to reappear for two weeks and word spread that he had had his appendix removed 20 years ago. Filmed news footage of Assad ostensibly sitting at a table with top officials and, a few days later, inspecting a bridge in Damascus, showed him to be wan and moving stiffly. Indeed, Arab diplomats began saying privately that the film had almost certainly been faked and that Assad remained seriously ill.

Western diplomats in Damascus believe that Assad, who is diabetic, suffered a serious but not critical vascular incident, most likely a heart attack, and that he is slowly mending. According to Israeli intelligence sources, Assad has been instructed by doctors not to talk, so instead he spends his waking hours scribbling notes to aides. While both U.S. and Israeli officials believe that Assad is in full command of his senses, the consensus is that it will be some time before the Syrian President can resume his usual 18-hour workdays. There are conflicting rumors about who is running the country. Sources ranging from P.L.O. officials to Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir have told reporters that a five-man council was mak-

ing decisions, but hard facts are an elusive commodity in Damascus. Among the men reported to be on the committee are Rifaat Assad, Hafez's younger brother and the tough-hearted head of internal security, Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam and Defense Minister Mustafa Tlas. Even if Assad should die or become seriously incapacitated, sparking a ferocious power struggle, U.S. officials expect little change in Syrian policy once a successor emerges. "Damascus would be no less hostile to Israel and the U.S. and no less militarily dependent on the Soviet Union," says a U.S. analyst. "Syria is going to pursue the same pattern of behavior no matter who is in charge."

The side of Syrian behavior that can perhaps be understood best is its activity in Lebanon. Syrians consider Lebanon to be part of "Greater Syria," a vague concept of territorial grandeur that thrives more in memory than in reality. Indeed, the two countries share more than a millennium of history *(see box)*. Both Lebanon and Syria achieved independence in the 1940s, but cultural and family ties still bind their populations, the Sunnis and the Druze. "We are one people," says a Syrian farmer living near the Lebanese border. "We go back and forth as if it were one nation." The ports of Beirut and Tripoli are Damascus' main links with the sea, while Syria serves as Lebanon's land route to Arab markets. For 28 years, until 1948, the two countries used the same currency, the Lebanese-Syrian pound. Tradition dictates that a new Lebanese President's first foreign trip is to Damascus (Amin Gemayel's maiden visit, scheduled for Nov. 13, was postponed because of Assad's illness). Says a Syrian official: "Lebanon is the one issue on which any Syrian President would be prepared to take the greatest risk."

With Assad's face pasted on trucks, Syrian soldiers depart Beirut after the 1982 Israeli invasion

Indeed, Assad risked violent opposition at home and a cut in Arab aid when he invaded Lebanon in 1976. Syria's ostensible allies, the P.L.O. and a coalition of leftist Muslim forces, were about to crush the right-wing Christian militias when the Syrian army came to the rescue. Nearly five months later an Arab summit legitimized the Syrian presence under the rubric "Arab Deterrent Force," and Assad's soldiers have stayed ever since. Meantime, the Syrians have fought the Christians, whom they once saved from defeat, on several occasions. At some point or another, every Lebanese faction has sought Syria's help. Syria's prominent role in Lebanese politics is as much a result of Lebanon's invitations as of interference by Damascus. Currently the Druze, the Sunni leadership of Tripoli and anti-Phalangist Christians are allied with Syria through the National Salvation Front, and Lebanon's mainstream Shi'ite organization, Amal, has its own ties to Damascus. Together these groups control all of Lebanon except Beirut, the Phalangist enclave north of the capital and certain patches of southern Lebanon where Israeli-sponsored militias operate

By refusing to pull out its forces, Syria in effect scrapped the Israeli-Lebanese accord of last May. That document, forged with the help of Secretary of State George Shultz, called for Israel to withdraw the 30,000 soldiers who remained in Lebanon after the previous summer's invasion. Though Assad was

At Damascus' Abassyine Stadium, athletes gathered last month to celebrate the 13th anniversary of Assad's coup

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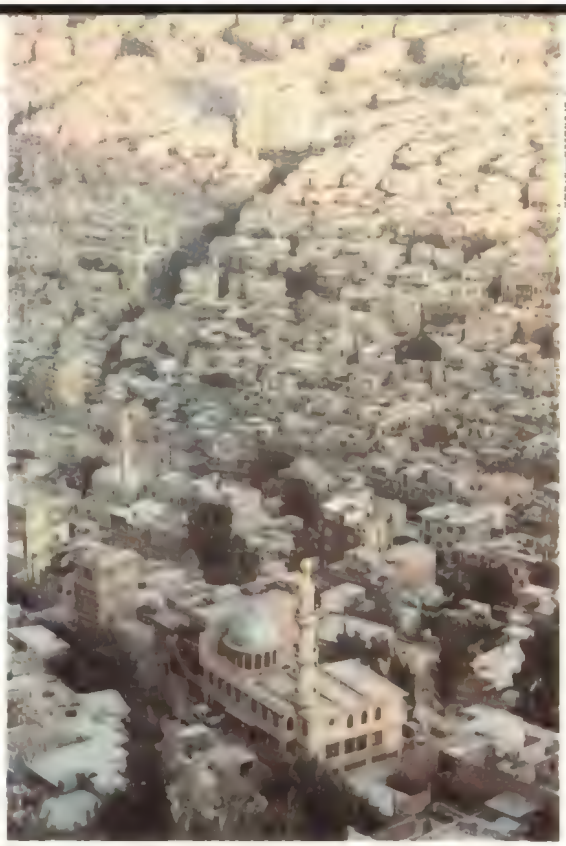


Damascus, considered the oldest continuously inhabited city

angered by being left out of the negotiations, he was even more livid that the treaty gave Jerusalem diplomatic and trade privileges with Lebanon. That collided with Assad's notion that Syria must not only retain influence in Lebanon, but ensure that Israel has none. Assad was virtually handed a veto over the treaty when Israel and the U.S. quickly signed a side letter saying the agreement would not be enforced unless Syria pulled its troops out as well. Says a senior West European diplomat in Damascus: "Inept diplomacy by the U.S. and Israel made it easy for Assad to block what he least wanted, Lebanese concessions to Israel."

Israel decided in September to pull its forces back a few miles to more defensible positions along the Awali River, a move that emboldened Syria. The strategic retreat, which took place before the Lebanese Army could fill the vacuum, allowed Syrian-backed Druze and Palestinian forces to drive the Christian Phalangist militiamen out of the strategic Chouf Mountains. The fierce fighting produced a cease-fire agreement that favored the interests of Syria and its Lebanese proxies. The primary gain: Gemayel was forced to convene a reconciliation conference in Geneva to redistribute national power more fairly. Syria was granted an official role and dispatched to the talks

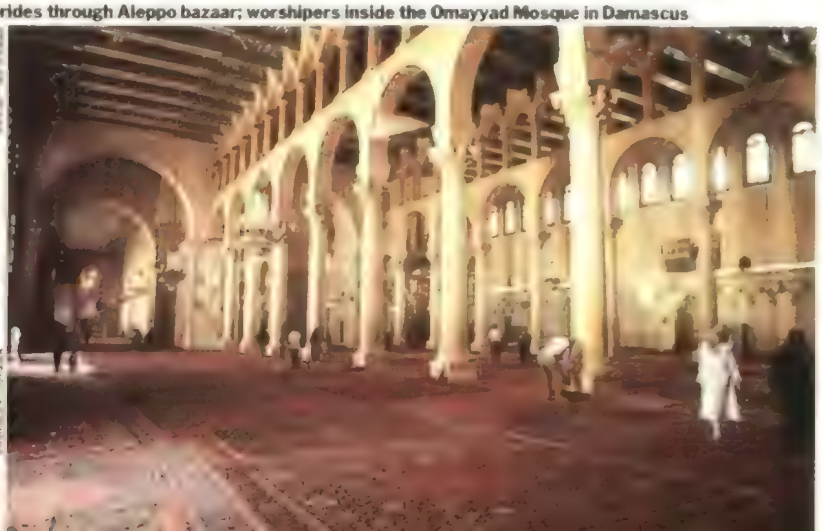
The meeting brought other accomplishments. The participants agreed to "freeze" the Israeli-Lebanese accord and formally recognized Lebanon's "Arab identity." The next step comes when the Lebanese warlords are scheduled to reconvene in Geneva. Both Washington and Jerusalem want to retain the substance of the Lebanese-Israeli agreement; Assad considers it dead. If the pact is killed, according to a Western diplomat, Damascus is prepared to accept Gemayel as Lebanese President and work with him to restructure the country's government. Assad and Gemayel were scheduled to meet in Damascus in mid-November, but the Syrian leader's illness intervened. The Lebanese and Syrian foreign ministers, however, have met three times, most recently last week.

Meanwhile Israeli troops continue to suffer casualties and antagonize local Shi'ites in southern Lebanon, and the U.S. Marines remain vulnerable in Beirut. Syria loses nothing by staying put. Says a Western diplomat in Damascus: "Assad knows that Israel is in a no-win situation that saps its military strength and that the Marines cannot stay in Lebanon forever. He is content to wait out both."

Syria's relations with most other Arab countries range from mutual distrust to outright hatred. Saudi Arabia and the rest of the Persian Gulf oil states give Damascus more than $1 billion a year in cash, partly because they deem it essential to have at least one strong Arab state confronting Israel. But the payment also serves as a form of protection money to ensure that Assad does not try to overthrow those conservative regimes. Kuwait, with its large population of Syrian guest workers, feels especially vulnerable. "Assad is a very bright man, but he also is very mean," says a United Arab Emirates official. The Syrian leader and Jordan's King Hussein always have been deeply suspicious of each other. Assad grew furious last April when the monarch held talks with Arafat on President Reagan's 1982 peace plan, which called for linking the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip in a loose association with Jordan. In October, when Arafat talked about renewing his discussions with Hussein, the Jordanian ambassadors in New Delhi and Rome were shot, and several car bombs were found in Amman, the Jordanian capital. Hussein read the terror campaign as a message from Damascus: Don't resume talks with Arafat—or else.

Syria's ties with renegade non-Arab Iran, on the other hand, have been highly profitable for Damascus. When the Iran-Iraq war broke out in 1980, Assad, who has long been bitterly opposed to the Iraqi regime of Saddam Hussein, rushed to support the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. Aside from giving Damascus an estimated $600 million in cheap oil, the Ayatullah has bestowed his blessing on Assad's minority Alawites, a sect that most Sunnis consider heretical. In return, Damascus has shut down the Iraqi oil pipeline that slices across Syria to the Mediterranean, thereby slowing the flow of petrodollars to the fi-

Living amid the grandeur of history: motorcyclist rides through Aleppo bazaar; worshipers inside the Omayyad Mosque in Damascus



nancially strapped Baghdad government.

According to Western and Israeli intelligence agencies, Syria gave at least tacit approval—and possibly more—to the Iranian terrorists who launched suicidal attacks against the American and French headquarters in Beirut and Israeli army offices in Tyre two months ago. Based in Baalbek, which is in Syrian-controlled eastern Lebanon, the Iranians acted under the auspices of Islamic Amal, a radical Shi'ite Muslim militia that broke away from the larger and more moderate Amal organization in early 1982. But they could not have undertaken the murderous task if Syria had disapproved. Says a Western diplomat: "The Syrians did not control and organize the operations, but certain elements in the Syrian regime knew what was going to happen and decided not to act."

Syria's hand is more visible in the continuing campaign to destroy Arafat. Though Assad and the P.L.O. chieftain have worked together in the past, the strains were always there. As early as 1969, when Assad was Defense Minister, he tried to regulate the activities of P.L.O. guerrillas in Syria. As President, he supported Arafat's avowed enemy Abu Nidal, a rogue P.L.O. leader who ran the Black June terrorist group. After the Lebanese civil war, Assad supported Beirut's right to impose rules on the P.L.O. even though the group was far stronger than the government. While Assad saw the Palestinian cause as subordinate to his wider vision of Arab unity, Arafat believed the P.L.O. must remain independent of any Arab nation. Differences in the personal styles of the two men also played a part in their estrangement. A lifelong military man, Assad is used to giving orders, expecting them to be obeyed and staying out of public sight, while Arafat, a thoroughly political animal, likes haggling, cutting deals and basking in the spotlight of publicity.

Assad had long been looking for ways to clip Arafat, and the opportunity arrived last May: the P.L.O. chief unwisely elevated several unpopular commanders within Fatah, the paramilitary group that he established and that still accounts for about 80% of the P.L.O.'s military strength. Palestinian fighters, outraged by Arafat's appointments and by his growing preference for negotiation over combat, rose up in revolt. Encouraged by Syria, and in some cases backed by Syrian troops and artillery, the rebels gained strength through the summer and eventually forced the loyalists out of Lebanon's Bekaa Valley and into Tripoli. When Arafat joined his forces there in September, the time was ripe for Assad to finish him off.

Instead, Syria blinked. As Arafat's forces retreated to Tripoli after putting up a fierce fight against superior numbers in the city's suburban refugee camps, it became clear that the wily chairman could hold out longer than expected. The Saudis and the Soviets, reluctant to see Arafat destroyed, began putting considerable pressure on Syria to accept a cease-fire. The pleas at first were ignored, but then Assad was hospitalized. Though it is impossible to say what role the President's illness played, Syria approved the halt in fighting. "His sickness prevented Assad from engaging in the extensive diplomacy necessary to resist the demands for a cease-fire," speculates a Western ambassador in Damascus. "Perhaps the decision was made to take the easy way out."

The siege seriously weakened the P.L.O. and should permit Assad even more control over its affairs. The conflict, however, will switch from open warfare to internal wrangling if Arafat escapes from Tripoli and convenes a meeting of the P.L.O. leadership. In that arena, the deftly persuasive Arafat usually triumphs. Though the rebel demands for "collective leadership" may limit his authority, Arafat may not lose as much power as Assad would desire. True, the revolt does make it nearly impossible for Arafat to win support for reopening talks with Jordan's Hussein on the Reagan peace plan, but the P.L.O. leader was unable to get such backing before the rebellion anyway.

Arafat's troubles are a good illustration of the complicated relationship between the Syrians and the Soviets. By midsummer, Moscow had let both Assad and Arafat know that it was highly displeased with the rift. Aside from having nothing to gain from a fight between its two most valuable allies in the region, Moscow valued Arafat as an alternative to Assad for entry to the Arab world. Nonetheless, Syria pressed the fight until deciding on its own, for whatever reason, to hold back. Says a Damascus university professor: "The Soviets know that the Syrian decisions on Middle Eastern affairs, especially where Lebanon and the P.L.O. are concerned, will always be independent."

Created out of mutual need, the Soviet-Syrian marriage was consecrated in 1980, when Assad's growing sense of isolation in the Arab world and his burgeoning ambitions led him reluctantly to sign a treaty with the Soviet Union, which always has been eager to make friends in the Middle East. But for the next two years Assad failed to appoint an ambassador to Moscow. The devastating loss of an estimated $1 billion worth of military equipment by the Syrians during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon further dismayed the Soviets. After the war, however, Moscow upgraded the arsenal by some $2 billion. The Soviets supplied about 160 fighter aircraft, including advanced MiG-23s, to replace the 96 planes downed in dogfights over the Bekaa Valley. Some 800 T-72 tanks have been added to Syrian divisions, well above the number of older and smaller T-54s and T-55s lost in Lebanon. The Soviets have also shipped about 200 armored personnel carriers and between 600 and 800 trucks, considerably enhancing the mobility of Syrian troops.

Moscow added a new element of instability to the region by installing the SA-5 missiles. With its range of 186 miles and electronic homing devices, the SA-5 is regarded as the most sophisticated surface-to-air missile in the Soviet inventory. Some 5,000 Soviet soldiers and technicians man the missile batteries and communications centers, while 3,000 Soviet advisers help train the Syrian army. Western military officials estimate that six to nine new SS-21 surface-to-surface missiles have been delivered and are being used for training. Though the Syrians already possess SCUD-B missiles, with nearly double the range of the SS-21s (167 miles *vs.* 75 miles), the new missiles are more accurate. In addition, the Syrians are boosting the number of missile launchers from 36 to 54. The recent deliveries are in line with Syria's policy of constantly improving its military capabilities, but they have led Syrian Defense Minister Mustafa Tlas to indulge in saber rattling. "The Negev is within the range of our missiles," he boasted in an interview with a Lebanese magazine. The Negev desert, about 200 miles from Damascus, is home to the Israeli nuclear reactor and several major airfields.

Assad's wily relationship with Moscow is very much in character for a politician Richard Nixon once described as having "elements of genius." A onetime

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Can you look this man straight in the eye and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?

jet-fighter pilot, Assad is a cautious and pragmatic leader who nonetheless appreciates the uses—and limits—of brinkmanship. Unfailingly courteous, the Syrian President inevitably begins meetings with a disarming jest before buckling down to what can become six hours of hard negotiating. "He gives his thoughts away bit by bit, like peeling an onion," says a Western diplomat. "He will just keep talking until you get tired." Assad has a superb grasp of detail and rarely refers to notes. On the other hand, he prefers to speak in generalities that sometimes are so ambiguous that diplomats leave his presence scratching their heads.

His decision making can be equally mysterious. After listening expressionlessly to his small knot of Western-educated advisers, Assad usually retires to read voraciously about the question at hand, then flatly announces a decision, often by telephoning an aide late at night. Sometimes Assad holes up at his vacation home near the Mediterranean port of Latakia for several days and then returns with a series of directives. Neither a smoker nor a drinker, Assad, the father of five children, lives quietly with his wife Anisa in a heavily guarded villa in Damascus, 100 yards from his office. So enigmatic is Assad that his aides have dubbed him "the Sphinx."

Even before he fell ill, the President was rarely seen in public. A joke is told in Damascus about the father and son who wait for days outside the presidential compound to catch a glimpse of Assad. Suddenly, a motorcade with sirens wailing roars down the street. As a Mercedes with blacked-out windows whizzes by, the beaming father turns to his son and says, "Now you can say you have seen the President."

Born in an Alawite farming town near Latakia in 1930, Assad grew up keenly aware that he belonged to what was then the country's poorest and least-educated minority. The oldest son in a large family, Hafez credits his peasant father with instilling a strong nationalistic fervor in him, but at the same time reminding him to take pride in his Alawite heritage and the family name, which means "lion." Hafez plunged into political activism in high school, delivering fiery speeches against French rule. By about the time Syria gained full independence in 1946, Assad had joined the Baath Party, which preaches a mixture of socialism and Arab nationalism.

Few career paths were open to a non-Sunni in those days, so Assad's ambition led him to enter the air force college in 1952. His flying talent won him the best-aviator trophy upon graduation, but Assad's real interest remained politics. Disgruntled over Syria's union with Egypt in the late 1950s, an arrangement that he felt relegated Damascus to a secondary role, Assad and his colleagues founded a secret military group that helped the Baathists seize power in 1963. Assad became commander of the air force the next year and Minister of Defense in 1966. Though the Alawites ran the government, the 1967 Arab-Israeli war was followed by a split within the party that pitted relative moderates like Assad against radical reformers seeking stronger ties with the Soviet Union. In 1970, Assad staged a bloodless coup and launched his "corrective movement." He lifted martial law, which had been in effect since 1967, halted the nationalization of industry and improved relations with Egypt and the conservative gulf states. Syria felt it had acquitted itself well in the 1973 war with Israel, vindicating its pitiful performance six years earlier. Diplomatic ties with the U.S., severed by the 1967 war, were resumed after Richard Nixon's visit to Damascus in 1974. Supplemented by handouts from the gulf states and revenues from its petroleun pipeline during the oil boom of the mid-1970s, Syria enjoyed its most prosperous years ever, with economic growth hitting an average rate of 13% in 1978.

In Syrian photos, Assad allegedly meets with aides, top, and inspects a new Damascus bridge

Intriguing questions about his sickness and who is running the country.

Then things started to sour. Syrian intervention in the Lebanese civil war proved immensely unpopular at home and triggered a wave of car bombs and assassination attempts against government officials, including three attacks on Foreign Minister Khaddam. Assad faced his most serious challenge from the Muslim Brotherhood, a radical Islamic group rabidly opposed to Damascus' secular policies. In June 1979 the group gunned down more than 60 cadets, mostly Alawites, at the Aleppo military academy. The next spring, a general strike in northern Syria was stopped only after 12,000 troops killed hundreds and arrested thousands.

If the Brotherhood's goal was to provoke more repression that in turn would alienate more Syrians from the regime, it succeeded. Since the late 1970s, the elaborate security apparatus—which includes the Mokhabbarat, the secret police organization with some 20,000 to 30,000 members, and Saraya al Difa, a praetorian guard run by Assad's merciless brother Rifaat—has grown more heavyhanded. After a bodyguard reportedly tried to kill Assad with a hand grenade in June 1980 (the President's life was saved when another guard threw himself on the explosive), some 250 to 300 political prisoners were massacred at Tadmur prison. In February 1982, when militants rebelled in Hama, the country's fifth-largest city, an edgy Assad responded by besieging the

city of 200,000 for three weeks and killing at least 10,000 residents.

Earlier this year, Amnesty International, the respected London-based group that monitors human rights violations around the world, released a 65-page report detailing abuses in Syria. The account makes chilling reading. Thousands have been jailed without charge, including former President Noureddine Atassi, who has been held in Damascus' Mezze military prison since his overthrow by Assad in 1970. Relatives of political suspects are sometimes held hostage until officials find their man; in one case, three family members were detained for nine years before their release in 1980. Twenty-three types of torture are listed in the report, including pouring boiling water on victims, electric shock and sexual abuse. An oft-used tactic is called *dullab*, in which a person is hung from a suspended tire and beaten with cables and whips. In one testimony, a 15-year-old boy told of being whipped and threatened with blindness if he did not reveal where his father was. Another student described a soundproof torture room in Aleppo that featured a machine called "the black slave." Recounted the youth: "When switched on, a very hot and sharp metal skewer enters the rear, burning its way until it reaches the intestines, then returns only to be reinserted."

The repression has increased the level of discontent, but not active opposition. Assad, moreover, has cultivated an almost fail-safe system against coups. Alawites occupy key posts in the party and the military. The armed forces are under separate command from the Mokhabbarat and the Saraya al Difa. Though Defense Minister Tlas is a Sunni, only Alawite officers are empowered to move strategically placed troops. Outfitted with the best equipment, Rifaat's 15,000-strong forces are stationed almost entirely around Damascus.

A more serious threat to the regime may be the country's worsening economy. Plummeting oil revenues and bad harvests have drained foreign reserves. According to an International Monetary Fund report, Syria's total reserves (excluding gold) dropped from $927 million in mid-1981 to $40 million by early 1982. Electricity is now rationed nationwide. Though unemployment figures are not released by the government, more people are out of work than a year ago and inflation is on the rise. Syrians may not be going hungry, but foreign imports, including television sets and kitchen appliances, have been drastically cut. Consequently, the black market has exploded into the open, and corruption has become more rampant than ever. Even senior government officials openly smoke the Marlboros that can only be bought illegally.

Assad's task of governing is complicated by the fact that while Damascus may be the oldest continuously inhabited

Saladin's Shaky Successors

To politicians and cartographers, Syria is an invention of the 20th century. To scholars, however, the term also refers to a once vast, occasionally powerful, always proud empire. Greater Syria, as historians call the broad area east of the Mediterranean, has a long and bloody past. That region, which included the territory of contemporary Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel, was situated at the approximate point where Europe, Asia and Africa converge. As such, it was a traditional meeting place and killing ground for peoples of both the East and the West.

Over the millenniums, Syria has repeatedly been overrun by conquerors from the desert or the sea: Canaanites, Phoenicians, Hebrews, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Nabataeans, Byzantines, Arabs. During the 7th and 8th centuries A.D., Damascus flourished as the capital of the Umayyad Empire, which stretched from Spain to India. In the 12th century the Crusaders' brief reign came to a violent end at the hands of the warrior Saladin, who remains a Syrian folk hero to this day. After Saladin's death, his domain fell to stronger powers. Damascus was sacked and plundered in 1401 by Tamerlane, the Turkic conqueror, and in 1517 it came under the rule of the Ottoman Turks, where it languished for most of the next 400 years.

Saladin going into battle during the Crusades

That period ended at last in 1920, when Syria became an independent monarchy under King Faisal I of the Hashemite royal family. But Britain and France were at work redrawing the region's boundaries. Faisal's sovereignty ended after only a few months when the French claimed Syria under a League of Nations mandate. To weaken the Arab nationalist movement, the French created contemporary Lebanon by carving from Syria the Christian region around Mount Lebanon, the predominantly Muslim Bekaa Valley and the coastal cities of Tripoli, Beirut, Sidon and Tyre. Even as they never forgave the Crusaders who overran their homeland, the Syrians have never absolved the French for taking territory from them. After World War II, France reluctantly departed, and Syria became an independent republic. The Syrians still celebrate April 17, the date of the 1946 French withdrawal, as Evacuation Day.

As with so many countries born in the past 40 years, Syria's modern history has been a saga of coups and countercoups. In 1958 Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser merged his country with Syria to form the United Arab Republic, but the union lasted only 3½ years. In 1963 the Arab Socialist Resurrection (or Baath) Party overthrew President Nazem Koudsi and seized power in Damascus.

After leading a bloodless coup in 1970, Hafez Assad took over and appeared to be a relative moderate. He signed a disengagement agreement with Israel over the Golan Heights in 1974. He sent his army into Lebanon in 1976 to save the Maronite Christians from defeat by the Palestine Liberation Organization and a coalition of leftist Muslim forces. He told TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn in 1977 that he was ready to make peace with the Israelis if they would withdraw from the territory they had captured in the 1967 war. But in the past three years, as he has fought against internal challenges, Assad's regime has become increasingly bloody and repressive. In the region, he has aligned himself with two menacing Islamic nationalists, Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini and Libya's Muammar Gaddafi. By the time President Reagan announced his peace initiative last year, Assad was fearful of Israeli gains in Lebanon and disenchanted with U.S. diplomacy. In no mood for negotiations, Assad believed that foreigners had trifled with Syria long enough.

city in the world." Syria is a relatively new country, where sectarian identities compete with national loyalties. The old and the new clash constantly: in the capital, women in black veils brush shoulders with secretaries wearing cheap knockoffs of West European fashions, while in the countryside the horse-drawn plow has yet to give way to the tractor. The contrast can sometimes be disconcerting. At graduation ceremonies for the "Revolutionary Youth" group, teen-age girls still demonstrate their newly acquired survival skills by biting live snakes behind the head to kill them and then cooking the reptiles over a campfire, to the delight of guests. Yet TV antennas bristle over biblical villages, and favorite programs include such U.S. fare as *BJ and the Bear* and *Quincy*.

Assad's primary way of cementing Syrian loyalty remains the Arab cause, as it was Gamal Abdel Nasser's way in Egypt a quarter of a century ago. "The masses pride themselves on the fact that under Assad, Syria has been in the forefront of the struggle against Israel," says a Western observer in Damascus. One theory has it that the last thing Assad wants is a settlement with Israel; only by remaining at daggers' point with Jerusalem can the Syrian President justify the military machine that safeguards his government. Says an Arab editor in Beirut: "If peace suddenly broke out, the foundations of Assad's regime would be pulled out from under him." The prevailing view, however, is that Assad welcomes a solution, but only on his terms and at his pace. Says a Western foreign policy analyst in Damascus: "He is looking for an agreement that will assure his place in the Arab pantheon."

In a sense, Assad has already achieved his primary goal: Syria is at the fulcrum of events in the region. Israeli intelligence officials argue that by stationing Marines in Lebanon, the U.S. played into Syrian hands, since Washington, in effect, put itself at the mercy of forces largely controlled by Assad. If the U.S. could leave the Lebanese quicksand tomorrow without losing face, and without the risk of causing further chaos by doing so, some Administration officials undoubtedly would grab the opportunity.

Despite the escalation of tensions, Damascus has told Washington privately that it does not want to go to war over Lebanon. If a conflict were to break out, however, Syria could only gain: no matter how badly its forces fared against the U.S., standing up to the American giant would strengthen Syria's credentials to be Arab standard-bearer. Though the terms of the 1980 Soviet pact with Damascus have never been revealed, officials in Moscow have hinted that Soviet troops would enter the fray only if Syrian territory were invaded. According to British intelligence officials, Moscow would unleash the Soviet-manned SA-5s to counter a full-scale Israeli move against Syrian-held Lebanon, but it would hold its fire in the face of a U.S. offensive, leaving it to the Syrians to retaliate.

Administration officials believe that the Syrian attacks on U.S. reconnaissance planes were not an invitation to war but a probing of how much the U.S. would take. Observes Joyce Starr, a Middle East expert at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies: "The Syrians are playing decibel politics. They heighten tensions for a few days, then lower them." Some Washington officials believe that Syria, after it stops testing U.S. resolve, will settle down and work out a deal with Gemayel six months to a year from now. In this view, once Gemayel shows progress—no matter how scant—in mending his country, the U.S. Marines will come home.

Others contend that such an analysis is far too rosy. "Syria will never leave Lebanon unless it is forced to evacuate," says an Israeli general. Even if Syria is guaranteed influence in Lebanese affairs, according to British diplomats, Damascus will still insist on the return of the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights as the price for its withdrawal from Lebanon. Sooner or later, in the view of many Middle East experts in the U.S. and Western Europe, Syria must be brought into negotiations for a Palestinian homeland. As one senior British diplomat puts it: "Like it or not, Syria is the key to a Middle East settlement."

Both Washington and Jerusalem seem reluctant to recognize that reality. Even if they did, Assad would probably prefer not to negotiate now. The Syrian President believes that the Arabs should deal with Jerusalem only when they are as strong militarily as the Israelis, if not stronger. The Reagan Administration, moreover, has shown no interest in the kind of comprehensive talks, complete with Soviet representation, that Syria has demanded. Leaving aside the question of whether Moscow would be helpful or not, the White House is unwilling to grant the Kremlin any more influence in the region.

In the meantime, the U.S.-Syrian relationship is likely to contain more jolts as American reconnaissance planes continue flying over Syrian antiaircraft batteries. America's long-term difficulties in dealing with Syria stem partly from the fact that, as one top U.S. diplomat put it, "our carrots and sticks are not great." By strengthening military ties with Israel two weeks ago, the Reagan Administration signaled that it was picking up the stick. Yet other Middle East experts point out that America achieved its greatest success with Syria by using carrots: Secretary of State Kissinger shuttled to Damascus more than 30 times to obtain a Syrian-Israeli disengagement agreement on the Golan Heights, a pact that is still in force. Says a staff member of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "In the current round, we've refused to engage in that kind of stroking. We need to cater a bit to Assad's vanity."

But the realities have changed since 1974, both for Assad at home and in the Middle East at large. No longer is Syria a third-rate military power. No longer is Egypt the unchallenged leader of the Arab world, a change that has opened a power vacuum for Damascus to fill. Now, and not then, Israeli soldiers face Syrian troops across a tense 37-mile front in Lebanon and 1,800 U.S. Marines are bunkered in Beirut. Assad's illness, no matter how quickly he recovers, just complicates an already impossible situation. "No war is possible without Egypt, and no peace is possible without Syria," Henry Kissinger once said. It is a measure of how far Syria has come under Hafez Assad that while the first part of that statement is no longer completely valid, the last part rings truer than ever. ***—By James Kelly. Reported by Barrett Seaman/Washington and Roberto Suro/Damascus, with other bureaus***

'One . . . two . . . O.K., where's Syria?'

*The true age of Damascus is unknown. Muslims revere the spot as the site of the Garden of Eden, while the Bible says the city existed before Abraham's time. Archaeologists contend that Damascus was occupied as far back as the third millennium B.C.

His Brother's Keeper

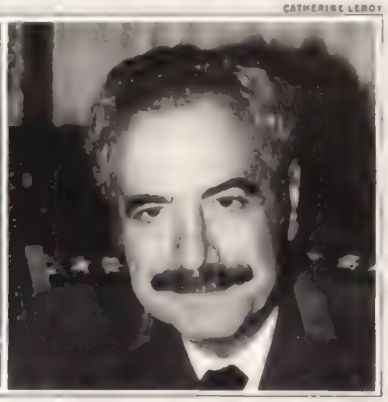
They help keep the peace by extorting protection money, threatening opponents with violence and even, it is said, robbing the plushest homes in Damascus for pocket money. Living in their own apartment buildings, publishing their own newspapers, they are a law—a world, really—unto themselves. Though their skintight dark green and strawberry-red camouflage uniforms have earned them the nickname "The Pink Panthers," they are certainly no pussycats. They are, says William Quandt, a Middle East expert at the Brookings Institution, "very tough and widely disliked." In nearly every respect, the brutal, well-trained and ill-disciplined Defense Companies, Syria's most fearsome security network, reflect the characteristics of their leader: Rifaat Assad, 46, President Hafez Assad's younger brother and closest aide.

With speculation rampant about the President's health and about who is running Syria during his illness, Rifaat has emerged as the central figure in the ten-member ruling inner circle. He is also widely considered to be the man most likely to try to succeed his brother. Ever since Hafez Assad first turned Syria into a one-man show after seizing power in 1970, Rifaat has not only served the regime with unflagging loyalty but has also had a hand in most of the nation's bloodier actions. "He is the one who keeps his brother in place," says one U.S. State Department official. In the midst of Syria's cutthroat factionalism, he may not be averse to taking that place himself.

ALPERT—KEYSTONE SABA CATHERINE LEROY

Foreign Minister Khaddam

Hafez Assad's Rifaat



Defense Minister Tlas

"Shrewd and dangerous as a snake," as a general in Israeli intelligence describes him, Rifaat flexes his muscles through the 280 tanks and 15,000 troops of the Defense Companies. Charged with the defense of metropolitan Damascus, Rifaat's men have sometimes been called on to defend the government from internal enemies. Last year, for example, they reportedly executed around 100 air force officers who had tried to stage a coup. In February 1982, some 8,000 of Rifaat's troops exacted a bloody revenge against the rebellious Muslim Brotherhood in the historic city of Hama, leaving most of the ancient quarter in ruins and at least 10,000 civilians dead.

Rifaat's savagery at home has been complemented by his smoothness abroad. He has cultivated Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, whose government has given Syria an estimated $6 billion over the past five years. He has worked to conciliate, and sometimes protect, P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat. Last summer President Reagan publicly thanked him when, through contacts in the Iranian regime of Ayatullah Khomeini, Rifaat secured the release of David Dodge, acting president of the American University in Beirut, who had been kidnaped the previous year and abducted to Iran.

Yet if Rifaat is the main guarantor of the regime's strength, he is also a major source of its frailty. He allegedly sits atop a nationwide ladder of corruption, an arrangement by which government officials on the take share payoffs with their immediate superiors. The bucks stop with Rifaat. Such shady enterprises as extorting money from drug traffickers in the Bekaa Valley and running guns throughout the Arab world have reportedly given him a personal fortune of around $100 million.

While the President is an ascetic family man, Rifaat is an outright hedonist with seven wives, countless mistresses and 17 children. After deciding to send two of his sons to college near Washington, D.C., Rifaat last year spent $1.1 million on a mansion in Potomac, Md., which he furnished with armed guards, housekeepers and other retainers. Just one month later, the house was severely damaged by a fire of unknown origin, and the entire entourage apparently fled the country.

Despite their radically different habits, Rifaat and Hafez Assad share the same political goals. As members of the Alawite branch of Shi'ite Islam, both are determined to preserve the sect's control. The Alawites have dominated Syria for 13 years, mostly because of the adamantine grip of Hafez Assad. "In the short term," says a Western diplomat, "there is no hope for a non-Alawite breakthrough." Yet were his older brother no longer in control, Rifaat might find it politic to install as a figurehead President a Sunni from the country's inner circle, someone whose name is less sullied than his own. A likely beneficiary of such a ploy might be Major General Mustafa Tlas, the Defense Minister and a harsh critic of the U.S., who has been hailed by Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov as "the greatest strategist in the Middle East." Another Sunni front runner is Chief of Staff Hikmat Shehabi, an ambitious, somewhat colorless soldier who was made Syria's official contact with the U.S. diplomatic mission in Damascus ten years ago. During a transition period, a third Sunni might also prove influential: the abrasive, crisply competent Abdel Halim Khaddam, Foreign Minister for more than ten years.

No matter who emerges as a potential successor to Hafez Assad, the regime's reputation for ruthlessness is likely to remain intact. Says Amiram Nir, a scholar at Tel Aviv University's Center for Strategic Studies: "The hands of all the caste members [the inner circle] are dirty. They all share personal involvement in 'counterrevolutionary' bloodbaths." The road to power is therefore sure to be treacherous. Almost three years ago, when Major General Naji Jamil, commander of the air force, managed to ingratiate himself with Hafez Assad, Rifaat interceded forcefully. Jamil was stripped of his power and confined to his house, where he is kept under surveillance to this day.

EAST-WEST

Now It's START That's Stopping

The Soviets ease away from another set of arms negotiations

There was a strong hint of *déjà vu* in the wintry air of Geneva last week as U.S. negotiators at the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) filed into the headquarters of their Soviet opposite numbers, across the Avenue de la Paix from the Palais des Nations. Inside the Villa Rose, Chief Soviet Negotiator Victor Karpov greeted the Americans with a brief statement. "Changes in the global strategy situation" said Karpov, had made it necessary for his country to "review all the problems under discussion" at the negotiations. The Soviet Union, he concluded, was "unable to set a date" for a resumption of the 18-month-old discussions over a scaling down of the superpowers' intercontinental nuclear arsenals.

Two weeks after leaving the Geneva talks on Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF), the Soviets had decided in effect to stage a new walkout. The reason remained the same: to bring pressure on the U.S. and its NATO allies to reverse the deployment of new cruise and Pershing II missiles in Western Europe. This time, however, Moscow's methods differed. Rather than breaking START off completely, the Soviets had placed the talks in a more easily reversible state of indefinite suspension. Nor was the stoppage accompanied by polemical gestures from Yuri Andropov as happened after the INF breakdown, when statements were issued in the Soviet leader's name threatening military countermeasures to Western deployment.

The Reagan Administration's response to the START impasse was similar to the one given at the end of the INF talks: an expression of regret and an avowal that the U.S. was willing to continue negotiating. President Reagan stressed the positive by noting that the Soviet maneuver had come at the scheduled end of a normal two-month round of talks. Said Reagan: "This was a regular adjournment . . . I think this is more encouraging than a walkout and simply saying they won't be back." In Geneva, U.S. START Negotiator Edward L. Rowny noted that the U.S. had proposed another round of talks, the sixth since June 1982, for early February, and hoped that the Soviet Union would "soon agree" to a resumption.

Soviet Spokesmen Kornlyenko, Ogarkov and Zamyatin with charts of arms proposals

A dissertation that sometimes was a blur, and a state of indefinite suspension.

The Soviets had telegraphed their maneuver days in advance. At an unusual Moscow press conference, Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, Chief of Staff of the Soviet armed forces, used colored charts and a pointer to illustrate how, in the Soviet view, U.S. proposals at START were moving "in the same direction"—toward breakdown—as the foundered INF negotiations. Ogarkov reiterated the principal Soviet START proposal: a ceiling for both sides of 1,800 "strategic launchers," consisting of intercontinental ballistic missile silos, submarine-launched missile tubes and intercontinental bombers.

That proposal is based on the assumption of no increase in the number of U.S "forward-based strategic weapons systems," a reference that Moscow interprets as including the 108 Pershing IIs that are beginning to be deployed in Western Europe. The Soviet START proposal also includes a ban on long-range ground-launched cruise missiles, 464 of which will make up the other prong of the NATO deployment. The U.S. objection to the Soviet offer is that it precludes the deployment of any new NATO missiles in Europe. Also, the Reagan Administration is seeking in START drastic reductions in land-based strategic missiles, a category of weapons in which the Soviets have an advantage and in which there would be only modest reductions under their proposal.

With support from First Deputy Foreign Minister Georgi Korniyenko and Leonid Zamyatin, chief of the Central Committee's international information department, Ogarkov outlined Soviet objections to the NATO missiles. Once again he stated a Soviet willingness to barter away about 100 of the Soviet Union's 243 triple-warhead SS-20 missiles targeted on Western Europe, provided the West cancels the cruise and Pershing II systems entirely. NATO's rejection of that idea is based on a refusal to accept imbalance in favor of Soviet weaponry, and also on the principle that Moscow should not decide whether the alliance can install new weapons. According to Ogarkov, the NATO deployment means that the U.S. "would still like to launch a decapitating first nuclear strike" against the Soviet Union. Many of the 500 journalists at the press conference found Ogarkov's INF/START dissertation a blur, but then again, so did he. At one point the marshal stopped to ask Zamyatin, "What was I saying? I've confused myself."

Ogarkov's demands were clear enough to NATO's defense and foreign ministers, however, and they rejected them outright. Following their regular winter meetings held in Brussels after Ogarkov's performance, the defense ministers affirmed their intent to proceed with the cruise and Pershing II deployment while continuing to be available for INF negotiations. At a follow-up press conference, NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns dismissed the idea of an eventual merger of the INF and START talks. But the NATO powers did call on the Soviets to enter into a "comprehensive political dialogue" leading to a future relationship based on "moderation."

Amid all the high-level maneuvering, the Soviets opened another, more personal front in the missile battle last week: an American-style write-in campaign. In one of its issues, the Communist Party youth organization daily, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, printed a clip-out coupon in English for readers, pre-addressed to President Reagan at the White House. The coupon demanded that Reagan "not turn

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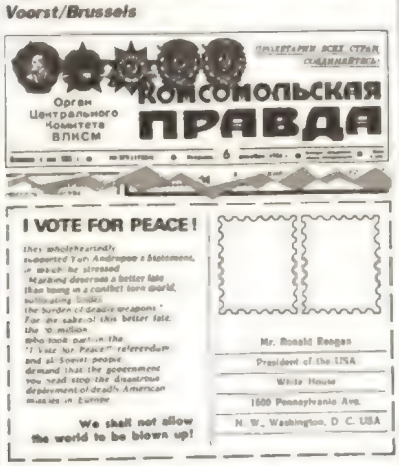
your people into hostages of the Washington politicians, and bring the planet to the very brink of destruction." Other editions of the newspaper contained similar messages for British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Italian President Sandro Pertini.

While the latest twists and turns in Soviet missile bargaining strategy were being pondered, some Muscovites were more interested in a drama that was being played out along Kalinin Prospect, the broad boulevard that leads to the Kremlin. There, Western diplomats last week were atwitter over the reappearance of a morning-and-evening official convoy that has not been seen for nearly four months: two black ZIL limousines, the sort reserved for the Soviet elite, protected front and rear by Volga security sedans. Atop one of the ZILs were red and blue lights, apparently an indication that Andropov was inside. He has not been seen in public since Aug. 18, a protracted absence that has been unconvincingly explained as the result of a "severe cold" and has led to widespread speculation about who is really running things in the Kremlin.

Diplomats who have been watching the convoy believe that Andropov now spends mornings at his Kremlin desk, then relaxes for part of each afternoon. At about 5:30 p.m., the motorcade dashes back down Kalinin Prospect, possibly taking Andropov to his dacha on the outskirts of Moscow. Zamyatin sought to reinforce such speculation when he mentioned, during the Moscow press conference, that Andropov "concerns himself in full with party and state affairs."

Thus the stage seems set for Andropov's re-emergence in the near future. One possibility is that the Soviet leader could appear at meetings prior to the scheduled Dec. 28 convening of the Supreme Soviet, or parliament, which he chairs. But even if Andropov returns from limbo any time soon, the future course of arms control remains uncertain. —*By George Russell. Reported by John Moody/Moscow and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels*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SUMMITS

Aggravation in Athens

Ten nations in search of the ties that once bound

After four years of summit meetings held under the lengthening shadow of potential failure, the ten leaders of the European Community blundered last week into a diplomatic debacle they long had feared. At the end of three days of alternately listless and acrimonious negotiations in Athens, they found themselves unable to announce agreement on a single item of their long agenda. The key obstacle: the threat of bankruptcy for the Community unless there is an increase in member contributions to its common budget ($22.5 billion in 1983) or a scaleback in an expensive ($14.3 billion this year) agricultural subsidy policy. Said French President François Mitterrand: "Europe knows, in all clarity, that it is in crisis."

The French, as usual, blamed Britain for the deadlock, in particular Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's insistent demands for "my money," or what she considers an acceptable rebate on her country's outsize contribution ($1.7 billion more than Britain received this year *vs.* an even balance for France) to the Community budget. The British, in turn, zeroed in on what they saw as Mitterrand's intransigence in refusing to address the long-term financial problem caused by heavy subsidies to the Community's 8 million farmers. West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl avoided the search for scapegoats but observed, "We must grasp that a Europe divided and exhausted by renewed nationalism will exert no influence in the world and can become a plaything for foreign interests."

For Western Europe it was indeed the worst possible time for a demonstration of impotence. As the chill in U.S.-Soviet relations has deepened, West European confidence in the Reagan Administration's leadership has drained and there are increasing calls for a greater role by Community members in easing East-West tensions. Moreover, without concerted industrial cooperation, the ailing economies of the Ten will find it difficult to deal with the technological challenge from Japan and the U.S. Nor can Western Europe bargain confidently with the U.S. over festering trade problems in steel and farm products.

Money is the problem. If the Community does not raise revenues, drawn mainly from retail sales taxes among member nations, or slash spending, its budget next year will not cover farm subsidies, much less long-sought social and industrial programs. But even the prospect of bankruptcy failed to move the leaders, largely because the budget crisis is linked to three intractable issues: the exorbitant costs of the agricultural program, which eats up two-thirds of available resources; Thatcher's demand for a more equitable system of member contributions; and long-promised membership for heavily agricultural Spain and Portugal, which inevitably would raise farm-subsidy outlays even more.

Mitterrand, Thatcher: charge, countercharge

"No real negotiations ever got started."

From the beginning, Thatcher had made it clear that she would use the bankruptcy threat as a bargaining weapon. Mitterrand was offended by that tactic as well as by Thatcher's "statistical" approach to problems that he regards as essentially political. Said a French spokesman on the summit's first day: "We were impressed by the rigidity of the British representatives, while the other nine showed a sense of open-mindedness." Replied a British spokesman: "I'm sure that is what Napoleon thought before the Battle of Waterloo." Delving deeper into the history of hostility between the two nations, the French spokesman then countered, "Remember, France won the Hundred Years' War."

That early rhetorical skirmish set the tone for a meeting in which, according to one Irish official, "no real negotiations ever got started." A distracted Kohl did not intervene between his quarreling partners; at one point in the session, to the annoyance of other summiteers, he slipped away to a Greek TV center for a three-way conversation with President Reagan and the West German astronaut aboard Skylab. After the slender hope of a last-minute compromise vanished during the closing summit dinner, Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi told the press, "If I may use metaphorical language, we failed to elect a new Pope, and there is black smoke." With the health of the Community hanging in the balance, the question now is: Who, in the next round of negotiations, will blink first—if anyone blinks at all? ■

Bignone hands presidential wand to Alfonsín; Isabel Perón arriving in Buenos Aires

ARGENTINA

Starting Over

A leader begins, a lady returns

In the brilliant sunshine of a late spring morning, he drove slowly through downtown Buenos Aires in a 1967 Rambler Ambassador to the cavernous old congress building. Inside, he solemnly swore to discharge his responsibilities, and delivered an eloquent, hourlong statement of his new administration's ambitions. "The state in which we have received the country is deplorable and catastrophic," he declared. "Our goal will be that Argentina becomes free once again, grand, fraternal and prosperous, the way we all want it to be." Then the genial new leader motored through flag-decked streets to the Presidential Palace. As foreign delegations looked on, the head of the discredited military regime, retired General Reynaldo Bignone, placed the sky-blue-and-white presidential sash over the shoulders of Raúl Alfonsín, 56.

After eight years of disastrous and sometimes murderous rule by the military, Argentina had officially returned to democracy. That was reason enough for celebration. But the smashing victory by Alfonsín and his centrist Radical Civic Union party in elections six weeks ago amounted to a stinging repudiation of the once dominant Peronist party. Peronism's authoritarianism, irresponsible economic programs and obsessive devotion to the memory of its founder, the late dictator Juan Perón, had exhausted the Argentines' patience. Now, in a remarkable display of confidence, they have pinned their hopes on Alfonsín. In a poll published in the respected newspaper *La Nación* last week, the public awarded him 8.9 points for leadership qualities out of a possible 10.

Alfonsín will need all the support he can muster to extricate Argentina from its political and economic quagmire. On the eve of the inauguration, after 2½ years of self-imposed exile in Spain, where she had fled following a ruinous term as President, Juan Perón's widow Isabel flew into Buenos Aires as Alfonsín's guest at the ceremony. Whether Isabelita plans to lead a regrouping of the ragged Peronist ranks is unclear, but if she assumes a major role in the party, it could spark bitter feuding between her supporters and foes.

Alfonsín must also deal subtly with the armed forces. He has already pledged to repeal a law passed by the junta last September that effectively pardoned the military for any role in the "dirty war" of the 1970s, in which an estimated 6,000 people disappeared. But a full inquiry would alienate the generals, who might later look for reasons to mount a coup.

Last week, in a development that could help mollify the military, the U.S. certified that Argentina had shown improvement in dealing with human rights, citing the elections and a virtual end to the "disappearances." The certification lifts an arms-sale ban that dates back to 1978. However, Alfonsín has sought to down-play the shift, noting that his plans to cut the military budget will leave no room for additional arms purchases. Britain, which had opposed certification following its war with Argentina over the Falkland Islands, reacted with restraint to the decision. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher even sent Alfonsín a congratulatory message on his inauguration.

Perhaps the most intractable problem Alfonsín faces, however, is the Argentine economy. The nation's $40 billion foreign debt has pushed it to the brink of international default, while at home Argentines suffer under triple-digit inflation and 15% unemployment. The new government's economic plans are a closely guarded secret, but initial measures are expected to include price controls and selective cuts in spending. Alfonsín's ability to restore a semblance of order to Argentina's tattered economy may be the most important barometer of his success. ■

VENEZUELA

Carrying On

New President, old woes

The campaign slogan repeated in speeches and newspaper ads was blunt: "THANK GOD, THEY ARE FINALLY GOING." It was also prophetic. As celebrating citizens jammed the streets of Caracas last week, the results of Venezuela's sixth free presidential election in 25 years overwhelmingly confirmed that the elegant presidential residence, La Casona, would be getting a new tenant. By a thumping 8-to-5 margin, voters had ousted the centrist Social Christian Party in favor of the country's strongest grass-roots political force, the center-left Acción Democrática under its amiable, soft-spoken leader, Jaime Lusinchi, 59. Said an exuberant Lusinchi after the vote: "The festival of the people has begun."

Economics loomed large in Lusinchi's campaign and in that of his Social Christian opponent, Rafael Caldera, 67, who served as President from 1969 to 1974. Advised by U.S. Media Consultant Joseph Napolitan, Lusinchi blamed outgoing President Luis Herrera Campíns, 58, for all of Venezuela's many economic woes. Among them: a 4.5% drop during Herrera Campíns' tenure in the country's gross domestic product ($69.3 billion in 1982) and a current unemployment rate of 20%. The key problem, however, is a foreign debt of about $34 billion, the result of years of uncontrolled government spending that eventually coincided with sharply reduced revenues from oil, Venezuela's principal foreign-exchange earner. For his part, Caldera and his U.S. campaign adviser, David Garth, spent an estimated $150 million in a vain effort to make voters forget the past shortcomings of the Social Christians and concentrate on the future. The result: not only did Lusinchi win a projected 57% of the 7.7 million votes cast, *vs.* 34.5% for Caldera, but Acción Democrática also gained comfortable majorities in both houses of Venezuela's 249-member Congress.

SMITH—GAMMA/LIAISON

Lusinchi

Facing up to the debt crisis will be the sternest test for Lusinchi, a pediatrician who has spent 40 years working for Acción Democrática, chiefly as a quiet but effective grass-roots organizer. Though he is a populist by inclination, he will confront the need to administer a stiff dose of austerity after taking office next February. His most immediate challenge: rescheduling $18.4 billion in short-term debts that come due over the next two years. Despite the magnitude of that task, Lusinchi insists, "we will not shy away from any effort, no matter how tough it is." ■

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DISASTERS

Wrong Turn

Two jets collide in Madrid fog

The Iberia 727 carrying 84 passengers and nine crew members was roaring down the foggy runway at Madrid's Barajas Airport, taking off on a flight to Rome. Suddenly Captain Carlos Lopez Barranco glimpsed another plane rolling toward him on the runway. Desperately, he swerved right, but the left wing and a portion of the 727's fuselage slammed into the approaching Aviaco Airlines DC-9, which was taxiing out for a flight to the northern Spanish city of Santander.

The DC-9 exploded, killing all 37 passengers and five crew members. In flames, the 727 skidded 500 yards down the runway before coming to a stop. Passengers, many severely wounded, tumbled out. But for nearly 20 minutes, as the injured screamed for help, rescue teams and firefighting crews searched through the thick fog; they were eventually led to the scene of the accident by a survivor. Said Israeli Passenger Osant Berkowich, 32: "I could hear people shouting, 'Let me out, let me out.' It was horrible." The toll: 93 dead, 30 injured.

A wheel assembly severed

It was the second airline disaster at Barajas in ten days. Late last month an Avianca 747 crashed on final approach, killing 181 people. As rescue workers once again converged on the airport last week to gather burned and mutilated bodies, King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia cut short a private visit to the U.S. to return to Spain after hearing of the accident.

An investigation into the spectacular collision is still under way, but preliminary findings suggest that in the heavy fog the captain of the DC-9 missed the first right turn he should have taken after leaving the apron. Instead, he took the second right, onto the active runway and into the path of the Iberia 727. Since the fog had closed the airport to incoming flights, Spaniards are now asking why it was not also closed for departures.

The disaster has called attention to what many airline pilots regard as a critical safety deficiency at the airport. Although Madrid handles some 11 million passengers annually, it lacks the ground control radar system common at other major airports. The radar, which allows controllers to keep track of plane movements on the Tarmac even in zero visibility, might have averted last week's tragedy. ■

"We Crave for Justice"

Before an audience of 450 in the University of Oslo's bright, marble-pillared Aula, or Great Hall, Nobel Committee Chairman Egil Aarvik lavished praise on the recipient of the 64th Nobel Peace Prize. Lech Walesa, said Aarvik, had raised "a burning torch, a shining name" to humanity's enduring dreams of freedom. Walesa, leader of Solidarity, the outlawed Polish independent trade union, did not hear those words. He had stayed behind in Gdansk for fear that the government would not allow him back into Poland.

Walesa's wife Danuta made the trip, however, and after Aarvik spoke, she rose to deliver a 15-minute speech written by her husband. "On this solemn day, my place is among those with whom I have grown and to whom I belong, the workers of Gdansk," she read. "We crave for justice, and that is why we are so persistent in the struggle for our rights." After listening to a radio broadcast of the ceremony, Walesa declared, "We should use peaceful means to solve our problems."

Danuta shows off her husband's Nobel Peace Prize diploma

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CHEVROLET

taking charge

More than a matter of opinion: Mr. Chow watches critically as his chef makes noodles

Pancakes Are Put on Trial

A jury decides that a review can be libelous

For Michael Chow, proprietor of Mr. Chow's Chinese restaurant in Manhattan, the key questions facing the jury were purely factual ones. Was *Guide Gault-Millau* correct in asserting that the pancakes served with his Peking duck were "the size of a saucer and the thickness of a finger"? Was it true that his "sweet-and-sour pork contained more dough (badly cooked) than meat," as the pugnacious Parisian guide to New York City proclaimed? To prove otherwise, Chow brought his chef into Manhattan federal district court to demonstrate to the jury his technique for making paper-thin pancakes.

The mouth-watering evidence was persuasive. The jurors decided that Chow, who also owns restaurants in London and Beverly Hills, had been libeled by the *Gault-Millau* review and awarded him $20,000 in compensatory damages along with a $5 tip for punitive damages. The Shanghai-born restaurateur feels that justice was done. Said he: "Freedom of the press is designed to protect the right to tell the truth, not to print lies."

The significance of Chow's victory, however, could be far heavier than his pancakes. At stake in the case, say libel experts, is the right of critics to express their own judgments. Reviews, which are by nature subjective opinions, have generally been exempt from the standards of libel applied to news stories. But the distinction in libel cases between reporting and criticism is now being called into question.

The Supreme Court, which has not made a ruling on libel since 1979, last month heard oral arguments on a case involving critical judgments. Bose Corp. had sued *Consumer Reports* magazine for writing that one type of its audio speakers produced sound that "tended to wander about the room." A federal judge awarded Bose $115,000, but an appeals court overturned the decision on the ground that the company had not proved that the magazine was guilty of malice. The appeals court ignored the issue of whether the statements in question were presented as fact or opinion. Since the principal service provided by *Consumer Reports* is comparison of various products, a defeat for the magazine in this case might lead to lawsuits from other manufacturers, which could paralyze, if not bankrupt, the publication.

The publishers of the *Guide Gault-Millau* plan to appeal the Mr. Chow verdict. Henri Millau suggested that the suit was "a publicity stunt," adding: "I guess that in the next few days people will flock to his restaurant and they will no doubt be sadly disappointed by the so-called authentic Chinese cooking." Said New York City Restaurant Critic Mimi Sheraton (who also pans Mr. Chow's): "It was the most outrageous award I've ever heard of. If this decision were upheld, I would feel inhibited in writing reviews in the future." At the very least, it could lead to an intriguing variety of appeals in court. Actors who got stinging notices on opening night might decide to re-enact their scenes for a judge and jury as a way of proving that their performances were misreported. Critically wounded sopranos might end up singing arias as evidence. Says Henry Kaufman, general counsel for the Libel Defense Resource Center: "The Mr. Chow case could set a dangerous precedent." ■

Over to You

Grossman moves to NBC

When he was tapped almost two years ago to become president of NBC News, a position he had held from 1968 to 1973, Reuven Frank faced a staff beset by internal tensions and disarray. "They turned to me because I was an oldtimer who could, it was hoped, whip things back into shape," he recalls. That mission accomplished, the self-effacing veteran newsman told NBC Chairman Grant Tinker that he wanted to return to what he loves most and does best: producing news shows. His wish was granted on his 63rd birthday last week. Aside from the fact that the changing of the guard happened quietly and smoothly, a rare occurrence at any network headquarters, the biggest surprise was the man chosen as Frank's replacement: Lawrence Grossman, 52, president of the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) since 1976.

The next president of NBC News has never been a reporter. A Brooklyn-born graduate of Columbia University, Grossman has spent most of his career in advertising. From 1962 to 1966 he was vice president for advertising at NBC, after which he formed his own New York City ad agency. He calls his nonjournalistic background "a serious lack," and candidly admits, "I have a lot to learn."

Some say he also has a lot to contribute to the troubled news network. Grossman won general applause for guiding PBS through several financial crunches, and leaves a strengthened, and solvent, system with twice as many regular viewers (86 million) as it had when he arrived. He helped develop PBS's healthy roster of news programs, including the *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, Inside Story, Frontline* and the critically acclaimed 13-part documentary series *Vietnam: A Television History*. NBC News, by contrast, has been losing ground. Two weeks ago, the brilliant but unprofitable *Overnight* left the air. *Today*, once the sunrise champ, now has to fight the CBS *Morning News* for second place, behind ABC's *Good Morning America*.

DIANA WALKER

Grossman

Grossman will join NBC early next year in order to work alongside Frank, the man who first teamed Huntley and Brinkley and wrote their memorable sign-off lines ("Goodnight, Chet," "Goodnight, David"). Frank will stay around to manage NBC's political coverage through the 1984 elections. "This will be one of the few times there will be a rational and civilized transition at a network," says Grossman. ■

Greyhound workers picketing in New York City. They put on a defiant show of solidarity but were unable to influence the company

Economy & Business

Labor Gets a Working Over

Despite better times, some companies use tough tactics to squeeze unions

"Workers haven't taken this bad a beating since before 1935," says Lewie Anderson, director of the packing house division of the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union. Anderson can see the damage among his own battered members. The average hourly wages for 110,000 workers have been cut from $10.69 or more to around $8. Some pork and beef workers have been thrown out of work altogether and replaced by nonunion employees who earn as little as $5.50 per hour

Other unions in such industries as automobiles, steel, rubber, mining and trucking are also taking a pounding Their bargaining strength has been blunted, master contracts broken, picket lines crossed. Today union workers are often confronted with a no-win ultimatum: accept a pay cut or lose your jobs. Unemployment in these industries is high because of intense competition and slow growth. Even though the economy is now generally expanding at a robust pace, unions have not regained their former bargaining muscle

Management claims that its tactics are necessary for survival, but workers call it union busting. Says United Auto Workers Vice President Donald Ephlin: "This is the worst antiunion, antilabor period in my lifetime. We are the only country in the free world where the labor movement is fighting for its life."

The tentative settlement announced last week in the strike by the Amalgamated Transit Union against Greyhound bus lines is the latest ripple in a cascade of union defeats. Workers are expected to vote this week on cuts in wages and benefits amounting to 14%. But the pay concessions themselves were far less significant than the manner in which they were achieved. Although the union put on a defiant show of solidarity and won widespread popular support, it was unable to influence the company

The union threw up picket lines in an attempt to halt bus travel. Yet Greyhound began hiring more than 1,000 new workers who were willing to defy the union, and was serving 500 locations in 27 states. Said Chairman John Teets: "Everyone misunderstood the resolve of this company to operate."

Meanwhile, in the airline industry, labor last week suffered another setback. Responding to a threat by Chairman Frank Borman that Eastern Air Lines faced bankruptcy, three major unions agreed to accept wage cuts of up to 22% next year and work-rule changes worth $367 million. In return, according to Eastern's Machinists Union President Charles Bryan, workers will get 15 million shares of stock and be able to designate candidates for two seats on the airline's board.

Equally tough bargaining methods are being used in the steel industry, where extensive concessions by labor have still not led to company profits. Last week U.S. Steel told 10,000 workers in Chicago, Cleveland, Birmingham, Johnstown, Pa., and Trenton, N.J., that all or part of their plants would be shut down unless they granted concessions that go beyond those in the basic steel contract. The company wants reductions in health benefits, work-rule changes and more flexibility in the use of outside contractors

Labor blames many of its new problems on the Reagan Administration. Says one AFL-CIO official: "The Administration is sending a very strong and clear antiunion message throughout the entire economy, and business is responsive to that." Organized labor dates its recent woes to August 1981, when the Reagan Administration fired 11,400 air-traffic controllers for striking illegally and subsequently decertified their union. AFL-CIO leaders also charge that appointees to the Labor Department and the National Labor Relations Board have been antiunion

and that the Occupational Safety and Health Administration has slackened its enforcement of workplace regulations.

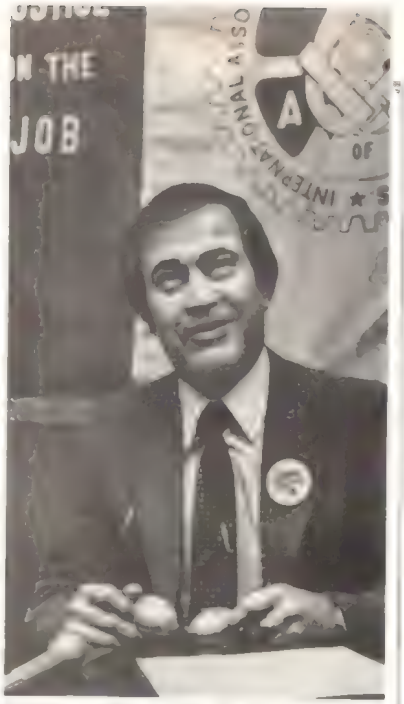
Many of organized labor's difficulties, though, are due to its own shortsightedness. Union leadership has been tardy in reacting to the changed business environment of the 1980s. Malcolm Lovell, who resigned as Under Secretary of Labor earlier this year and is now a guest scholar at the Brookings Institution, contends that both unions and management have to soften their adversarial approach. Says he: "Unions have to make compromises unless they want to force companies out of business. The American public isn't going to do business with a company because it is nice enough to pay higher wages."

The toughest struggles for Big Labor are in two sectors of the economy now in the throes of wrenching change. Those are basic industries with aging plants, sickly sales and high labor costs (examples: meat packing, rubber and steel) and deregulated industries, where old-line unionized companies are being undercut by low-cost nonunion competitors (examples: airlines and trucking).

Nowhere are labor's casualties more visible than in the meat-packing industry. Declining consumption, rising labor costs and competition from nonunion packers have pushed several large firms to the brink of bankruptcy and a couple of other ones over the edge. In several cases, the meat-packers union has been forced to accept rollbacks of pay and fringe benefits. When the union has tried to blunt the wage cuts, the consequences have been disastrous. Last week 70% of Armour's 1,700 production workers rejected a tentative agreement to reduce their base wage from $10.69 an hour to $8.25. As a result, 13 Armour plants covered by the contract will close on Dec. 17 and reopen two days later as nonunion shops under the ownership of ConAgra, Armour's parent company. The new base salary rate: $5.50 to $6.50 an hour. Altogether, 2,000 union members stand to lose their jobs.

The struggle at Rath Packing in Waterloo, Iowa, has pitted the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union against itself. In July 1980, 60% of the company was sold to the firm's 2,000 workers to keep it from failing, and Local President Lyle Taylor was installed as company president. But losses continued to accumulate, and six weeks ago Rath filed for bankruptcy. As part of the reorganization plan, Taylor wants 1,500 production workers to give up some of the generous medical benefits that he once helped negotiate and extend a $2.50-per-hour wage cut that is due to expire at the end of this month. Workers are bitter. Says Richard Campbell, 25: "I can't afford to take another pay cut, and we can't afford to lose the maternity benefits." Notes Taylor: "They have a big stake in the survival of their own enterprise. I'm confident we'll work things out."

More and more companies are turning to the bankruptcy courts as a way to break union contracts and win wage reductions.



Union Leader Bryan after the Eastern deal

After filing for Chapter 11 last April, Wilson Foods of Oklahoma City chopped wages for its 6,000 production employees from $10.69 to $6.50 an hour. Members of the United Food and Commercial Workers Union went on strike, but eventually they agreed to a wage cut of $2.69 an hour. Continental Air Lines, the ninth largest U.S. carrier, filed for bankruptcy in September, then dismissed its 12,000 workers, only to offer jobs to 4,200 of them at about half their previous pay. Pilots and flight attendants went on strike, but enough of them crossed picket lines for Continental to operate about half its usual flights.

The use of bankruptcy laws to break union contracts has become a subject for broad and bitter debate. C. Raymond Grebey, former chief labor negotiator for major league baseball and General Electric, calls it "the most dramatic new ingredient to collective bargaining that we have seen in more than a decade." Labor officials denounce the tactic as union busting. Says Bruce Simon, general counsel for the Air Line Pilots Association: "It was not the intent of the framers of the bankruptcy code to enable renegades like Continental Air Lines to wage economic warfare by destroying our system of collective bargaining." The Supreme Court is now considering the issue in a case involving a small New Jersey building supply company.

Auto companies are using a scaled-down version of the bankruptcy ploy on individual plants. When Ford Motor Co. failed to extract concessions from the U.A.W. at its unprofitable Rouge steelmaking operations, it announced plans to curtail production sharply. Four days later, the union accepted concessions, and the mill was kept open. When U.A.W. workers at Ford's Sheffield, Ala., aluminum-casting plant did not accept 50% wage and benefit cuts or the company's offer to sell them the plant, it was closed last June.

Workers claim that the auto companies are getting tougher in other ways, too. Executives, they say, pit one plant against another, using interplant rivalries to spur production, a tactic called "whipsawing." Says Bob Breece, president of the U.A.W. local at Chevrolet's Flint, Mich., motor division plant: "They come in and say, 'If you don't give concessions we're not going to give you this work or we're going to shut you down.' " Breece's plant is due to close in May or June of next year.

Former Labor Under Secretary Lovell believes that unions will have to change their philosophy in order to survive. He notes that organized labor has always tried to ignore wages as a competitive factor when negotiating industry contracts. It has contended that companies should pay workers equally and compete on something else, like quality. Now, Lovell says, unions must make sure that individual companies are successful before they demand higher pay.

Today's union leaders are angry and scared. They feel that their ultimate weapon, the strike, has lost its effectiveness. As William Winpisinger, the feisty president of the Machinists and Aerospace Workers Union, points out, "The companies have shown a remarkable ability to withstand strikes." Leaders also fear that they may lose their own jobs to more militant members if they do not stand up to management. But so far, Big Labor has not yet developed a plan to reverse its losses. Laments Winpisinger: "We are going to get beat up worse and worse." —*By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Lee Griggs/Chicago*

Keeping Lee in the Driver's Seat

While U.A.W. members are trying to win back concessions made to automakers during the recession, Chrysler directors last week offered Chairman Lee A. Iacocca, 59, a generous package to stay on the job. Of course it was Iacocca who turned the firm from near bankruptcy to profitable vigor. The board voted to give Iacocca 150,000 Chrysler shares if he remains another three years, and 50,000 more if he stays a fourth. Directors also approved options that allow him to buy 400,000 more shares later at $28. If Iacocca exercised them, and the stock rose another ten points, the total value of his new holdings would approach $12 million.

Old Headache

Steel seeks more protection

Big Steel is once again protesting about imports. Only this time the object of the complaint comes from a different direction. The battered industry, which lost $3.2 billion during 1982, had been feeling somewhat buoyed earlier this year. In October 1982, the Government had persuaded the European Community, one of the heaviest shippers of steel to the U.S., to hold back exports for a while. The other big exporter, Japan, had been voluntarily restricting sales. The results were dramatic. In the first nine months of this year, Japan reduced shipments to the U.S. by 35% compared with the same period last year. During that time, the European Community trimmed its exports by 36%.

But the break from imports has not materialized. Such Third World steel producers as Brazil, Mexico and South Korea are leaping into the void. In the first nine months of 1983, Brazil's exports increased by 82% over last year's and South Korea's rose by 46%. Mexico's steel sales in the U.S. rose ninefold, from 47,000 tons during the first nine months of last year to 428,000 tons over a comparable time.

While the share of the U.S. market going to imports has declined from 22.4% to 19.6% during the first nine months of this year compared with the same period in 1982, American steel companies are again demanding trade protection. Says U.S. Steel Chairman David Roderick: "Importation has reached dangerous levels." Last month U.S. Steel filed complaints with the Commerce Department against Brazil, Mexico and Argentina, asking Washington to slap tariffs on imports from those countries. According to U.S. Steel, government-subsidized industries are selling shipments in the U.S. at below their cost of production. Earlier this year the Commerce Department found that Brazil was selling wire rod at discounts of 50% to 67%.

Companies buying foreign steel, though, counterattacked last week during the annual meeting of the American Institute for Imported Steel. Fred Lamesch, the group's newly elected president, warned that quotas could increase prices for steel products in the U.S. by as much as 20% next year and maintained that such measures would only lead to an inefficient U.S. steel industry. Said he: "Protectionism makes an industry become lazy and nonaggressive in modernizing."

Robert Crandall, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington, agrees that setting up import barriers is futile. "Shutting down a product flow in one direction simply means that steel comes in from some other country," he said. "We cannot raise prices in the U.S. relative to the rest of the world and then complain about the deindustrialization of America."

A load of Brazilian pipe arrives in Houston

"Our sales to the U.S. are critical."

The Reagan Administration is likely to oppose any sweeping quotas on steel imports. Says U.S. Trade Representative William Brock: "The laws are adequate to deal with the problem on a case-by-case basis."

The basic problem in world steel is that excessive capacity is simply causing too much production. Says Roderick: "World steel capability is being added at a pell-mell pace without regard to demand, to cost and price." Deeply indebted Third World countries are manufacturing as much steel as possible in order to earn currency to pay off their loans. Mexico, which owes $85 billion, and Brazil, which is $93 billion in debt, need all the income they can get. Just last month Brazil's President João Figueiredo inaugurated his country's new, $3 billion Companhia Siderúrgica de Tubarão steel works, the biggest in Latin America. Tubarão has no firm export orders yet. Said one Brazilian steel consultant: "We've tried not to assault U.S. companies that are just beginning to recover from the recession. But our sales to the U.S. are critical." ■

Thin Oil

Antitrust case dropped

Treason, said Talleyrand, is only a matter of timing. So is being a big bad oil company. Six years ago when gasoline prices were heading skyward, the Justice Department started an investigation of oil companies for alleged price rigging of Persian Gulf crude flowing into the U.S. Later the case was narrowed to the four U.S. majors who owned and operated Aramco, the Arabian American Oil Co., which pumps Saudi Arabian oil. Last week the Government dropped the case, saying that the firms, Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Standard Oil Co. of California, no longer had a major influence on the world price of oil. Yawned an Exxon aide: "We'd almost forgotten about it."

Indeed almost everything has changed about the oil business since the case began in the tumult of the mid-1970s. Then, in the face of severe energy shortages during the vicious winter of 1976-77 and huge oil company profits, politicians called for crackdowns on oil companies and demanded that they be split up.

Today the world is awash in oil. Prices have been falling, and OPEC ministers meeting in Geneva last week refused to accede to Iran's demands for price increases. Aramco now buys its oil from the Saudis and does little more than manage the oilfields for the kingdom of Saudi Arabia. U.S. oil consumption has not been as ravenous as it once was, dampened by three years of recession, a genuine concern for conservation and an ever larger fleet of fuel-efficient cars.

Assistant Attorney General William Baxter said of the case against the companies, "There just wasn't anything there." The Government's case seemed to weaken with time. The Saudis refused to allow the four oil companies to disclose information about Saudi oil production. For another, the companies after 1973 increasingly took their production orders from the Saudis. In fact, 1977 was possibly the last year that the oil companies could have influenced the price of oil by regulating the Saudi supply. In any case, Baxter noted that Saudi oil production has fallen to 5 million bbl. daily from its peak of 10 million, so that "control over Saudi production alone may no longer be sufficient to affect the price of oil."

Dropping the case was one of the last official acts of Baxter, 54, who resigned his post the next day to resume his teaching position at Stanford. During nearly three years as head of the Justice Department's antitrust division, Baxter had dropped the Government's 13-year-old suit against IBM and generally made life easier for big companies with an urge to merge. Ironically, it was under Baxter, a reluctant trustbuster at best, that the biggest breakup of all was achieved: that of American Telephone & Telegraph. ■

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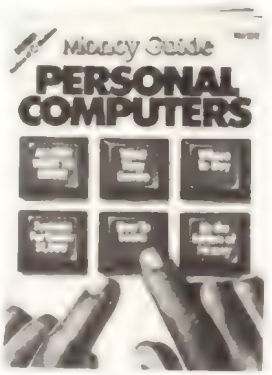

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Pipeline sections, protected by wood, wait to be placed across the Volga

Director sitting at the nerve center of the Pomary pumping station

Economy & Business

In Defiance of Sanctions

With foreign help, the controversial Soviet pipeline is completed

To the Soviets it was the "deal of the century," but in the West it is better remembered as an unnecessary source of tension between the U.S. and Western Europe. The Reagan Administration vigorously opposed European plans to help build and finance an $18 billion, 2,759-mile pipeline designed to deliver up to 20 billion cubic meters a year of natural gas from Siberia to Western Europe. The U.S. not only barred American companies from working on the project, but it imposed economic sanctions (suspended five months later) against West European participants. But as the U.S. and its allies squabbled, the Soviets kept on building. Indeed, according to Soviet officials, the laying of the pipeline has been completed six months ahead of schedule, and the first Siberian gas will begin flowing to Western Europe in January. TIME's *Nancy Traver is one of the few Western reporters who have been allowed to visit a construction site. Her report:*

The scene could be straight from a 19th century novel by Leo Tolstoy. Horse-drawn carts carry cabbages along muddy, unpaved roads. Walking along the riverbank in the low sun, an elderly woman wearing a mobcap carries a yoke on her shoulders, with buckets of water hanging on each end. She is returning to her home, a wooden cabin with no running water, in a village not far from Pomary, an obscure rail siding on the banks of the Volga River, 400 miles east of Moscow. Along the way, she encounters brightly colored blue-and-yellow bulldozers and pipelaying machines.

In one of those paradoxes that the Soviet Union abounds in, Pomary has become the site of one of the country's most ambitious projects. The village's 400 residents, who earn their living from farming, have seen their isolation jarred by the incessant sound of explosions, jackhammers and heavy construction equipment. Located along the pipeline's route, Pomary is not far from where the line passes under the Volga River. One of 41 compressor stations whose huge 25-megawatt turbine compressors will move the gas is also near by.

To make room for one of four pipelines that converge near Pomary, an enormous gash has been cut through the forest east of the river. In the middle of the Volga, a powerful dredge scoops up hundreds of tons of sand, digging the trench in which the pipeline will be laid. On the river's western bank, the completed pipeline juts up from the water and disappears into a steep, rocky ridge. Unperturbed by the frenetic activity, fishermen walk along the pipe that has not yet been laid and cast their nets into the Volga.

The Pomary section bears all the signs of a multinational project. The huge 600-ft.-long, 4½-ft.-wide section of pipe that cuts under the riverbanks is from West Germany and Japan. Finland supplied the building that houses the turbine compressors, Britain the electrical equipment, Japan the valves, Italy the turbine compressors. Technicians from all those countries have been working on the project. The station's gleaming control panel is stamped with a red and white General Electric logo. The Soviets bought the complex walls of instruments from Nuovo Pignone. An Italian firm, it also manufactures G.E.-licensed turbine compressors.

In one camp, Soviet workers are assigned to share narrow, sparse barracks with outdoor plumbing. They cook on hot plates or go to a cafeteria for meals. A foreman says that plenty of entertainment is available. The workers, he says, can play chess and volleyball in their spare time. They have a room in which they watch television and movies, as well as an indoor swimming pool. To break the monotony, a bus takes them to Kazan (pop. 1 million), which is a two-hour drive away. Hanging outside the workers' barracks, propaganda posters, each adorned with a red hammer and sickle, depict Soviet men and women striding proudly toward the future.

Because living conditions at the camp are harsh, pipeline crews are paid 10% more than their urban counterparts. Some exceptionally efficient workers may receive the use of a car and an apartment, major privileges in the Soviet Union. All the workers were also promised bonuses of up to six months' wages if the pipeline was finished ahead of schedule.

The bonus offers surely helped, but workers credit the U.S. sanctions for speeding the project along. "The ban aroused enthusiastic feeling in our crews," says Pavel Sokolov, regional director of the project. "Reagan said he would stop our work, but we said we'd do it in any case, and we did." The sanctions did cause some inconvenience. The Italian firm that was manufacturing the turbine compressor units was forced to slow production because a crucial part that fell under the Reagan sanctions was in short supply.

The Italian firm met its deadline to ship 57 turbine compressors, but the Soviets were still forced by U.S. sanctions to redesign certain parts to make turbine compressors and generators compatible. According to Pavel Cheturov, chief builder of the Pomary station, the sanctions forced the Soviets to develop some sophisticated technology of their own, including an automatic pipe welder and a turbine needed for the compressor station. Sums up a Western businessman familiar with the project: "The Soviets have done a helluva job. You have to give them credit for it." ■

Advertisement

MAHARISHI TECHNOLOGY

SOLVING PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENTS CREATING IDEAL CIVILIZATION ON EARTH

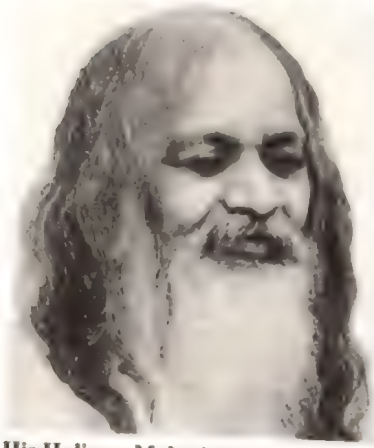
A TASTE OF UTOPIA—DEC. 17–JAN. 6, 1984

The World Government of the Age of Enlightenment offered last month to solve the problems of all governments.

In the same wave of inspiration, Maharishi International University has now planned to give a sample taste of utopia to all mankind.

Seven thousand experts in the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field will assemble at MIU from December 17 to January 6 to collectively create a strong influence of coherence and positivity in the whole world.

This unique demonstration of global coherence, originating from one place and reaching all parts of the world, will inspire governments to follow this example in their own countries and create a group of experts in the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field so that negative trends do not arise in the country, law and order are spontaneously maintained, and administration becomes simple, effective, free from problems, and free from the elements of fear and punishment. Real freedom will be enjoyed by the people and by the government.



His Holiness Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

Founder of the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field (1983), Founder of Maharishi International University (1971), and Founder of the World Government of the Age of Enlightenment (1976)

"It is fulfilling to proclaim that with the discovery of the unified field of all the laws of nature and the development of the technology of the unified field, and with the authority that every government enjoys in its country, there is nothing that cannot be accomplished by a sovereign government. Now not only can every government rise above the reach of problems but also it can attain any desired height of achievement." —Maharishi

THE UNIFIED FIELD

The unified field is described by the supergravity theory of quantum physics as a super-symmetric (perfectly balanced), non-Abelian (self-interacting) field of pure intelligence, which generates the fundamental particles and forces of nature through its infinitely self-referral dynamics at the Planck scale of nature's functioning (10^{-33} cm. or 10^{-43} sec.), giving rise to the infinite diversity of the universe.

MODERN SCIENCE VEDIC SCIENCE

The discovery of the unified field as a self-referral reality through the objective approach of modern science, the experience of this self-referral reality as the simplest state of human awareness—transcendental consciousness—gained through the subjective approach of ancient Vedic Science as recently brought to light by Maharishi, and the benefits of this experience verified through a large body of scientific research have given rise to the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field, which trains the individual to function from the self-referral level of nature's functioning so that nature's perfect balance, supreme efficiency, infinite organizing power, and unlimited creativity are available in daily life.

UTOPIA

The Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field has placed mankind on the doorstep of utopia—the unified field based civilization. Trends and tendencies in society will be maintained in the evolutionary direction, bringing fulfillment to all areas of governmental responsibility, including administration, education, defense, health, rehabilitation, economics, and agriculture.

Government

PROBLEM-FREE ADMINISTRATION

The Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field applied to administration offers to every government that supreme efficiency with which nature governs the universe, without altering the present system of government in any way.

This beautiful approach of bringing national law into alliance with natural law strengthens the government and improves the destiny of the nation in such a balanced and natural way that the creation of an ideal society can be a reality for any sovereign nation within as short a time as is desired.

In his Absolute Theory of Government, Maharishi explains that every government, irrespective of its system, is an innocent mirror of its nation. The strength and success of the government depends upon the strength and integrity of national consciousness. Since the government draws its inspiration and vitality from the collective consciousness of the people, it is essential that the government does whatever it can to maintain the highest quality of national consciousness.

All trends and tendencies in the country are fundamentally governed by the laws of nature. The unified field, being the fountainhead of all the laws of nature, underlies all aspects of national life and as such is available everywhere. Furthermore, the means of enlivening the unified field in national consciousness is also available everywhere, in the brain physiology of each individual in every country. Thus, every government already has in its population everything that it could ever need to make life fulfilling and the nation ideal. It is just a matter of knowing how to use the nation's most precious resource—the brain physiology of every citizen.

"Human brain physiology is that hardware of the cosmic computer which, through proper programming, can draw upon the cosmic software of nature to accomplish anything." —Maharishi

What is fortunate is that only the square root of one percent of the population of the country (a slightly larger proportion for a country with a small population) practicing the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field in any one place in the country is sufficient to fully awaken national consciousness. What is still more fortunate is that any group, regardless of education or economic status, can be trained to create this desired effect. What is most fortunate is that MIU is prepared to train such groups at its campuses in Iowa and in Washington, D.C., or in any country at the invitation of its government, universities, public or private organizations, or any one well-wisher of the nation.

Governments have always enjoyed their parental role of bringing maximum happiness to their people. The benefits that the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field brings to all fields of life are so extensively documented by scientific research that any head of state can adopt, without reservation, this practical knowledge of the unified field to fulfill his aspiration to do maximum for his people and the world.

Now the knowledge of the unified field and the availability of the technology of the unified field make it mandatory for every government to base its administration on the infinite organizing power of the unified field of natural law.

Education

UNFOLDING CREATIVE GENIUS

The Maharishi Unified Field Based Integrated System of Education offers a new approach to teaching whereby every lesson is taught with reference to the knowledge of the whole discipline and the source of all disciplines is shown to be the field of pure intelligence, which the student experiences in the simplest state of his own awareness, transcendental consciousness.

The student grows in the awareness that all branches of knowledge are different modes of his own intelligence. His creative genius blossoms as his awareness is identified more and more fully with pure intelligence, the unified field of all the laws of nature. Instinctively, his thoughts are right; he does not make mistakes; his behavior is spontaneously evolutionary. He grows in ideal citizenship—the ability to fulfill his own interests and promote the interests of the whole society simultaneously.

The numerous benefits of this integrated system of education have been verified through a large body of scientific research and are further demonstrated in the high quality of life of MIU students and their

Advertisement

OF THE UNIFIED FIELD

natural focus on academic study, from primary level to Ph.D.

This unified field based approach, which raises life to be lived in full accord with natural law, can be easily introduced to fulfill the goals of any system of education without the need to revise the existing curriculum. Educators from all countries are invited for training in this ideal system of education.

Defense

VICTORY BEFORE WAR

Maharishi's contribution in the field of defense is invincibility for every nation. The Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field offers absolute defense in that it eliminates the very need for defending by preventing the birth of an enemy. This approach promotes life in accordance with natural law, maintains evolutionary trends within the country, and radiates life-supporting influences in all directions, automatically preventing the birth of an enemy.

The need for defense has its basis in fear, which is caused by stress. Since education does not train the people to think and act spontaneously in accordance with the full potential of natural law, the whole population is violating the laws of nature, causing stress, fear, and weakness, and creating the need for defense.

Destructive means of defense can at best leave the enemy in a state of fear, which can serve only to postpone confrontation. History records that destructive means of defense have always proven suicidal for any nation. Fortunately, those days are now coming to an end.

The predominant sense of restraint observed in the family of nations today with regard to the use of nuclear arms demonstrates the growth of the most fortunate, tender quality of life—the desire of the leaders of the world to ensure security without destroying life. This noble search of world leadership finds its fulfillment in the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field, which offers absolute defense by bringing nourishment to life.

This unified field based approach has raised defense from the ground of ignorance and cruelty to the heights of wisdom and compassion. Nourishing the hearts of all nations, every nation will enjoy invincibility. Victory before war is the clarion call of unified field based defense.

Health

REVERSAL OF AGING

Maharishi's unified field based approach to health simultaneously promotes the health of the individual and the collective health of the nation by bringing life into accordance with the full potential of natural law.

This approach produces perfect integration of mind, body, and behavior and eliminates imbalance, leaving no chance for weakness to remain on any level of life—individual, national, or international.

Immortality, being a quality of the unified field, is enlivened on every level of life through this unified field based approach to health. This brings perfect health and longevity to the individual and the nation. Perfect health is marked by the ability to use the full creative potential of life in the state of fulfillment.

Extensive scientific research indicates improvements in all areas of health, including reversal of the aging process, through the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field (Ref.: Scientific research papers in four volumes, 2800 pages).

Rehabilitation

RESTORING BALANCE

The Maharishi Unified Field Based Integrated System of Rehabilitation eliminates stress and restores balance in the individual and his environment. It eliminates negativity in life, promotes evolutionary tendencies, and offers the perfect means of rehabilitation by naturally raising life to be lived in accordance with all the laws of nature.

This ideal approach to crime prevention and rehabilitation has been validated by extensive scientific research, including studies in prisons showing improved mental and physical health, reduced negativity and hostility, and reduced recidivism. It has also been used in probationary sentencing as a positive alternative to incarceration.

Now it is within the reach of every government to empty its prisons and uphold life in its full dignity.

Economics

FULFILLING PROSPERITY

The contribution of the Maharishi Unified Field Based Integrated System of Economics is unlimited for the simple reason that creativity, the basis of all prosperity and progress, is fully lively in the unified field. When the unified field is enlivened in national consciousness, infinite creativity is lively in the national economy, business and industry are free from problems, and prosperity is crowned with fulfillment.

Agriculture

SELF-SUFFICIENCY

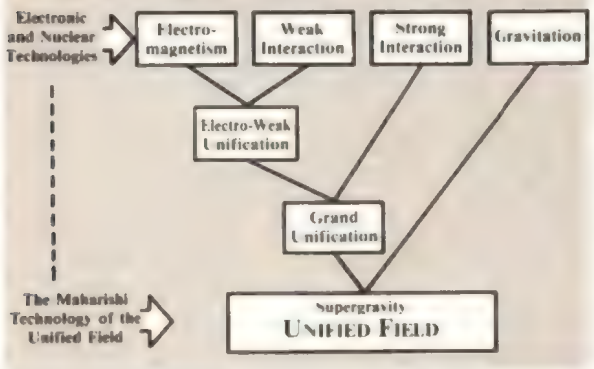
Maharishi's unified field based approach to agriculture creates perfect balance in nature. All the laws of nature rise to support the soil, the seed, the weather, and the farmer. Seasons come on time. Crops are abundant. National self-sufficiency is the harvest of unified field based agriculture.

UNIFIED FIELD BASED LEADERSHIP TRAINING

Beginning on January 12, 1984, unified field based leadership training courses will be offered in Washington, D.C. Weekend and week-long conferences will be available for the top level of leadership in all major areas of society. Other courses of varying duration will be held for administrators and future leaders.

Discovery of the Unified Field

Unification of the Four Fundamental Forces of Nature



As the figure shows, the unified field is basic to all other levels of natural law, including the electronic and nuclear levels. Therefore, identification with the unified field brings the advantage of the infinite creativity and organizing power of all the laws of nature to any individual and any nation.

Qualities of the Unified Field

Since the unified field is a field of all possibilities, the qualities of the unified field are innumerable. A few of its characteristic qualities are described here in the light of the supergravity theory of quantum physics in order to give a glimpse of the benefits that the technology of the unified field can bring to individual and collective life:

1. Perfect Balance—supersymmetry: balance of bose and fermi fields. **2. Invincibility**—though the physical particle states appear broken, the Lagrangian of the unified field remains eternally supersymmetric—the laws governing the unified field are inviolable. **3. Self-referral**—the non-Abelian property of self-interaction. **4. Self-sufficiency**—a unified gauge field, containing the whole of physics, interacts with itself alone. **5. Infinite Creativity**—the fountainhead of natural law: from this unified source, sequential dynamical symmetry breaking gives rise to all the particles and forces of nature. **6. Infinite Dynamism**—the quantum fluctuations at the Planck scale express infinite dynamism. **7. Infinite Organizing Power**—the Hamiltonian of the unified field governs the time evolution of the entire universe. **8. All Possibilities**—all the fundamental quantum fields are fully enlivened as dynamical degrees of freedom at the Planck scale of superunification. **9. Immortality**—time translational invariance of the Lagrangian density of the unified field. **10. Nourishing**—the eternal continuum of the self-interaction of the unified field sustains the time evolution of the universe.

All beautiful, evolutionary qualities spontaneously blossom in individual and collective life as the mind gains increasing familiarity with the unified field. This has been amply verified by extensive scientific research in the areas of physiology, psychology, sociology, and ecology and demonstrated in the lives of millions of people and in the improving quality of national life on all continents during the past 25 years. These achievements are at the basis of our global initiative to give a sweet taste of utopia to all mankind and to invite our family of nations to collectively create unified field based ideal civilization in our generation.

The sweet taste of utopia comes as the supreme gift of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of Maharishi's worldwide Transcendental Meditation movement, 1958 to 1983. Maharishi declared 1983 to be the "Year of the Unified Field." Now, 1984 will be welcomed as the "Year of Unified Field Based Civilization."

INSTITUTE OF WORLD LEADERSHIP, MAHARISHI INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY, FAIRFIELD, IOWA 52556, USA

Room at the Top

Hotels are puttin' on the Ritz

The twelfth floor of the Ramada hotel in Aurora, Colo., is a cut above the rest. Up on the twelfth, Concierge Monika Lidman treats all of her guests like VIPs. "They love to be pampered," she says. In their rooms, guests find refrigerators stocked with smoked oysters, wine, crackers, olives and English tea cookies. Other comforts abound: fresh carnations, soft white bathrobes, wicker baskets filled with toiletries

Ramada Inns and many other U.S. hotel companies now build these luxury levels into many of their otherwise standard buildings to lure affluent travelers who shy away from run-of-the-roadside establishments. The extra convenience and prestige of what hoteliers call their club floors appeal particularly to top business managers. Says Consultant Ray Meyers, a guest at New York City's Vista International: "You're with people more in tune with what you're doing. It's comfortable, not loud or raucous." Dallas Manufacturers' Representative Howard Krell and his wife Elise had formerly sought refuge from the clamor of 1,000-room hotels by lodging in small, posh inns. But the Sheraton chain has won them over with its "distinguished corporate service." Says Elise Krell: "The express elevator whisks you off to the 46th floor, and you feel you're in heaven."

Executive Peter Hyland makes himself at home in a club room at the Hyatt Regency Chicago

Luring affluent travelers who shy away from run-of-the-roadside establishments.

Rooms at the top come at a price. A club-level berth at the Ramada Renaissance Hotel near Denver runs $115 a night, compared with $72 for a standard room. At the Hyatt Regency Chicago, club-floor guests pay up to $900 a night for suites decorated with antique furniture, soft salmon colors and fireplaces. The hotel keeps a record of its customers' preferences. Said a concierge: "We can look at his card and know he was born on June 24, drinks Scotch and water, and wants a feather pillow instead of a foam one."

Middle-market hoteliers have spruced up some of their rooms to pursue a segment of the population that seldom flinches at business downturns or high prices. Says Analyst Daniel R. Lee of Drexel Burnham Lambert: "It doesn't cost that much more to offer this. It takes a fluffier towel, a thicker carpet and a little better service. For that, these hotels charge a pretty hefty premium."

Memphis-based Holiday Inns, the biggest chain in the U.S. with some 1,700 hotels, is taking the theory a step further The company has spent more than $200 million building eight Crowne Plaza hotels, its new line of cushy inns with rooms priced at about 20% more per night than the average $42 Holiday Inn room. Offering its guests such little extras as a free morning paper and a toiletry kit, the company will portray Crowne Plaza as luxury at reasonable rates. Spacious rooms designed for business travelers will be available in another Holiday Inn chain called Embassy Suites

For many hotels, though, the most immediate way to reach for the upper crust is to renovate one or two floors. The Stouffer chain has introduced a hotel-within-a-hotel in eight of its 20 establishments. Perhaps to help executives justify the premium of $30 over the price of a standard $80 room, Stouffer emphasizes how its ritzy amenities can be a boon to business productivity. Says Senior Vice President Ronald Nykiel: "In the morning, coffee, a roll and a paper are brought to the rooms, getting the executives off to a fast start. If they need a suit pressed or reservations made, the concierge will take care of it." According to Lidman, executives are not the only ones who will pay extra to be pampered. Two of her recent guests were a sheik and Singer Harry Belafonte. ■

Office Follies

Sitcom zaps boardroom bozos

Some funny business is going on at Empire Industries. When Chairman Calvin Cromwell schedules an emergency board meeting, the vice presidents fly into a paranoid panic. The terrified executives are certain he has discovered their illicit affairs, embezzlement and Government bribes. A secretary prepares for the meeting by putting airsickness bags around the board table and supplying Valium and smelling salts. A ranting Cromwell finally tells his subordinates, "Someone on this board is responsible, and they're going to hang for it!"

Fortunately for the future of the U.S. economy, Empire Industries is make-believe. The company's boardroom bozos, behaving like rejects from *In Search of Excellence*, cavort in a sitcom that CBS unveiled last week. The show premieres Jan. 4.

Macnee

The half-hour *Empire* will do nothing to improve TV's already dim view of the typical executive. Like J.R. Ewing of *Dallas*, most businessmen come off on the tube as antiheroes at best. A 1981 study by the Media Institute, a conservative Washington, D.C.-based group, found two of every three video businessmen were portrayed as crooks, con artists or clowns.

Employees at Empire, which manufactures microwave ovens that have caused consumers to glow in the dark, are sometimes all three. Viewers see Empire through the eyes of Ben Christian, the company's ethical but naive new vice president, who is portrayed by Dennis Dugan. In one episode Cromwell, played by Patrick Macnee, formerly of *The Avengers*, is enraged because the company is about to lose a contract to sell $350 million worth of air conditioners to Kuwait. When Cromwell puts Christian in charge of finding out who blew the deal, the newcomer's colleagues connive against him. Empire's security chief snips the brake line on Christian's car and later takes him on a terror ride in an elevator

Lawrence J. Cohen and Fred Freeman, the creators of the show, have invented a conglomerate that might better be called Bedlam Inc. The company's indecisive sales manager answers yes-or-no questions with a paralyzed "Nes" and blurts out unsolicited confessions. He tells his wife, "You know that huge Hawaiian barbecue pit we put in? Well, I didn't pay for it. I buried it in the Kuwaiti bid under market research." Cohen maintains that this is how companies really work. "This is a comedy and will treat business like *Dr Strangelove* treated the atomic bomb," he says. "It's funny, but it was an area that we felt deserved a sardonic look." ■

Making a Date with Status

Swanky desk diaries show more than just what day it is

Remember the humble office calendar? It was just a ho-hum piece of desk equipment, a chintzy plastic tray with 365 nondescript pages on it. But now it is being replaced by the posh and prestigious desk diary. Bound in padded leather with the owner's name or initials stamped in gold on the cover and decorated with silken page markers, the best-bred datebooks look a bit like church hymnals, and they command nearly the same reverence.

Publishers have found that executives are willing to pay a fancy price for sleek and functional models. Some diaries are like almanacs, thumb-indexed to bring elusive and obscure statistics within quick reach. Others serve as miniature filing cabinets to gather up all those scraps of paper that litter a desktop. A few make esoteric fashion statements. Saks Fifth Avenue sells an Italian-made calendar covered in burgundy-colored crocodile hide. Price: $1,775.

The epitome of high-toned datebooks and among the bestsellers is the *Economist Diary*, offered by the London financial magazine. First published in 1948, the handmade leather volume supplies its owner with facts ranging from the average hours of sunshine a day in Edinburgh (3.75) to the hog and pig population of the U.S. (59 million in 1982). The $43 book has become a prestige item round the globe. Says Christopher Curwen, the *Economist's* U.S. publications manager: "In the offices of top government ministers in Latin America, you'll see some 25 of these red desk diaries in a row. It's a statement of success." President Kennedy used to have two: one for the White House and one in his briefcase. Two weeks ago Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger's office called the *Economist* to ask about getting its 1984 book. The magazine sells about 250,000 diaries annually, and this year began printing them in the U.S. in addition to London.

Such rival publications as *BusinessWeek* and London's *Financial Times* are publishing their own versions, both to boost their visibility and to log sizable profits. *BusinessWeek* fills its *Executive Desk Planner* with features like a collection of management tips. FORTUNE, whose diary includes a calorie counter, a listing of the largest U.S. industrial corporations and silver-edged pages, mails a free copy of the book to the chief executive of each company on the FORTUNE 500 list.

The calendar business has become so attractive that up-scale consumers are besieged with choices. American Express has its own handsome 232-page appointment book that it claims is "designed exclusively to meet the demands of busy cardmembers." The company sends a free copy of the $19.95 book to customers the first year, but charges after that. For 1984, American Express has introduced a women's calendar, which lists events and quotations of particular interest to females. Price: $12.95.

While politicians and diplomats seem to prefer the *Economist's* diary, a popular datebook in the movie industry is *LeBook Los Angeles*, which for $28.50 offers 116 pages of local services ranging from art galleries to auto rentals. Its publisher, Citrus House, also sells a national *LeBook* containing the basic rundown on 36 of the most visited cities in the U.S. This year *LeBook* contains a guide to the Olympic Games.

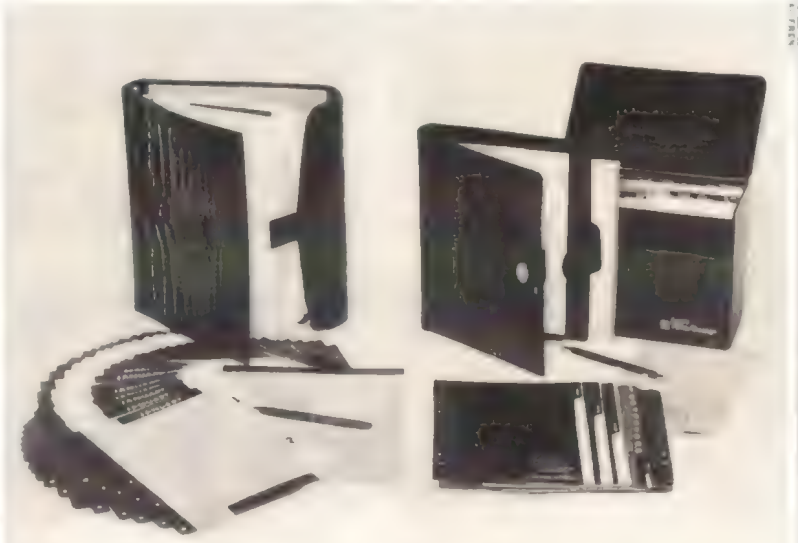
When calendars go even further, they become systems. The *Time/Design* planner, for example, attempts to sort all the scattered details of an executive's life into neat compartments. The book contains more than two dozen forms for listing activities, to which the user assigns priorities by marking items with special symbols. A Santa Monica, Calif., firm called Insight Transformational Seminars sells the book for $300. The price includes a three-day seminar on how to use it. For $120, customers get a 30-page instruction book instead of the seminar.

People prone to forget their spouse's birthday can stay out of trouble with the $19.95 *LaserDays* datebook, which is custom-designed to remind them of as many as 20 important occasions. Marketed by Cleveland's Initial Concepts, the computer-printed calendar displays the customer's name on each page and gives a one-month advance notice of upcoming events.

The demand for specialized calendars of all types has been a boon to both bookstores and publishers. An estimated 600 titles are available this year, up from just 120 or so five years ago. Says Jon Beckmann, publisher of Sierra Club Books: "In the 1960s people never bought calendars." Nowadays they may buy several. The California-based Sierra Club was a pioneer in marketing richly illustrated calendars as wall and desk adornments. The organization expects to sell about 400,000 copies of its 1984 engagement book, which has pictures of natural vistas. Price: $7.95. Seeing the promotional value and fund-raising possibilities, other institutions, including the Smithsonian and the New York Public Library, have weighed in with artful books.

As a result, calendar displays are taking over ever larger sections of bookstores. One hot seller is the *A-Hunk-a-Day Desk Calendar*, which bears the subtitle *Aren't You Glad It's Leap Year?* The *Buzzword-a-Day* calendar, written by the authors of *The Official MBA Handbook*, gets the year off to a ruthless start by defining *deadwood* as "Anyone in your company who is more senior than you are." The *Computer Desk Diary* marks high-tech anniversaries like the date of Apple Computer's founding (Jan. 3). *Jane Fonda's Year of Fitness and Health* datebook provides recipes and exercise tips that focus on a different part of the body each month (October is thin-thighs month). Some 235,000 copies have been shipped to stores.

Meanwhile, Universe Books has come up with something that may appeal to people who find all the slick new calendars a bit too much. It offers a generic model titled *No Frills '84*. The calendar simply provides the date and sells for $2.50. —*By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Meg Grant/Los Angeles and Amarnath Singh/New York*



Datebooks of distinction: crocodile hide for $1,775, left, and the total planner for up to $300

Once only chintzy trays with 365 pages, calendars are now often prestigious and pricey.

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People

Soap summitry: Kissinger and Collins mingling on *Dynasty*

As both **Gerald Ford** and **Henry Kissinger** know, nothing could be stranger than the intricate power struggles of real-life politics, except perhaps the convolutions of the prime-time TV soap *Dynasty*. Ford, 70, and Kissinger, 60, will make cameo appearances next week on the program. It was filmed at an actual charity benefit for the Children's Diabetes Foundation. During the big party scene, Ford and Wife **Betty** meet Blake and Krystle Carrington (**John Forsythe** and **Linda Evans**), and Kissinger exchanges greetings with Krystle's nemesis, Alexis (**Joan Collins**). Will Blake charm Jerry into a profitable business deal? Will the scheming Alexis wrap Henry around her little finger? Or vice versa. Don't bother to tune in for the following episode. It was a one-shot deal for the former White House thespians.

■

The bidding at Sotheby's in London lasted only two minutes, but when it was over the 12th century illuminated German manuscript known as "The Gospels of Henry the Lion" had fetched a glittering $11.7 million, the highest auction price ever paid for a work of art. The pristinely preserved, 13½-in.-by-10-in. medieval masterpiece contains more than 1,500 exquisite illustrations and 41 full-page miniatures, but its value is not merely aesthetic to its new owners, a consortium of buyers that included the West German government. The acquisition, says Banker **Hermann Abs**, who led the consortium, means that "future generations will know the good side of our history—its more noble moments—and not just the horrible days of the recent past."

■

He first danced *The Nutcracker* during his Manhattan debut with the New York City Ballet in 1967. "Now I'm older and wiser," says **Peter Martins**, 37, who is retiring as a performer to serve full time as the company's co-ballet-master-in-chief with **Jerome Robbins**. Last week he made his emotional final New York appearance as the cavalier in the company's 1,000th performance of the Tchaikovsky classic. An added sprinkle of confected delight was supplied for the farewell by the premiere of Robbins, 65, in the nondancing role of the toymaker Drosselmeyer. For fans of the sugary fantasy, a treat nonpareil.

■

Would he or wouldn't he? Two weeks ago Rolling Stone **Mick Jagger**, 40, was saying that "any day now" he would marry longtime Girlfriend **Jerry Hall**, 27, who is seven months pregnant. Then last week the groom-to-be, or not-to-be, made that a question again. "Marriage?" Jagger asked reporters, while vacationing with his love on Barbados. "Definitely not. It gives me claustrophobia."

A page from the Lion's gospel

■

The star-studded crowd of artists and politicians who gathered in Washington last week would have flattered any visiting head of state. But the guests, including the **President** and **Nancy Reagan**, were paying tribute to national leaders of the arts, not politics. The sixth annual Kennedy Center honorees for lifetime achievement—Dancer-Choreographer **Katherine Dunham**, 73, Director **Elia Kazan**, 74, Singer **Frank Sinatra**, 68, Actor **Jimmy Stewart**, 75, and Composer-Critic **Virgil Thomson**, 87—were presented with the rainbow-ribboned medals during a gala black-tie reception and special performance. Said Sinatra: "I'm way up in the air. This is the most coveted award you can win." And they all did it their way.

—By Guy D. Garcia

Singing singles: Hall and Jagger

Bowing out: Robbins and Martins

The honorable: Kazan, Stewart, Thomson, Sinatra, Dunham

Those Balky Computers Again

After a splendid voyage, Columbia *returns tardily to earth*

Only seconds after the space shuttle touched down on the California desert last week, a playful voice crackled from the radio at Mission Control in Houston. "*Columbia,*" it said, "we've got some good news and bad news for you. The good news is, we've had lots of beer waiting for you. The bad news is, we drank it eight hours ago."

NASA, of course, does not permit alcohol aboard its spacecraft or on its facilities, but last week, after *Columbia's* harrowing, computer-plagued final day in orbit, the space agency had good reason to splash everyone with champagne. Sweeping out of the skies in the fading glow of a setting sun, the space shuttle settled gently onto Edwards Air Force Base's Runway 17 in the California desert with the "right on the numbers" precision only a master pilot like John Young, 53, America's premier astronaut, can muster. For seven hours and 50 minutes before that landing, however, flight controllers worked frantically in Houston to get Young, his five crewmates and their prize scientific cargo, the European-built $1 billion Spacelab, safely back to earth. During the unscheduled extension of the 166-orbit flight, the shuttle's longest, some California radio stations had even begun speculating ominously that the ship might become marooned in space.

The electronic glitches that led to those fears began on *Columbia's* ninth day in orbit as it circled 155 miles above the earth. The flight had already been lengthened by 24 hours to give ground scientists more experiment time. This was made possible by the shuttle's unexpectedly low use of its "consumables" (oxygen, fuel, electric power). But when *Columbia,* in preparation for its descent, fired the small maneuvering rockets, or thrusters, in its nose, the jolt rocked the ship. The usually laconic Young said that it sounded like a "howitzer blast going off in your backyard."

At that instant, the spacecraft's No. 1 computer, responsible for directing the orbiter's navigational and guidance systems, as well as general housekeeping duties, "crashed," or shut down. To the relief of Houston controllers, the No. 2 computer promptly took over. Indeed, under NASA's suspenders-and-belt philosophy, the orbiter is equipped with four electronically linked computers, plus an independently operating back-up. Any one of these machines can take charge of the shuttle. About four minutes later, however, after the thrusters fired again to slow the ship, the second computer also stopped.

Time-out for a little orbital horseplay in the billion-dollar lab

A textbook touchdown for America's premier astronaut

For three or four minutes, there was no computer at all steering the orbiter. The failure was an echo of earlier difficulties with the IBM-built machines, including a breakdown that caused a last-minute postponement of the first shuttle flight in 1981. Aware of the machines' fickle past, the controllers promptly shut down the No. 3 computer on *Columbia* in order to keep it as a fail-safe reserve and relegated No. 4 to managing the vehicle's environmental systems. The fifth computer was on standby. Later, when he was safely on the ground, Young confessed: "When the first one went, my knees shook. When the second went, I turned to jelly." Eventually, Mission Control was able to command No. 2 back into action, although its performance was erratic. No. 1 remained dead for the rest of the flight.

The situation was never life-threatening, since a computer was always available to take charge of the ship. Still, the controllers decided to wave off a landing for several orbits while hundreds of engineers in Houston pored over data in an effort to discover the cause of the failures. The controllers were afraid that the difficulty, whatever it was, would spread through the system and bring down all the ship's computers. Without a computer, even a John Young probably would not have been able to take *Columbia* safely out of orbit because of the complex sequence of rocket firings needed to control the craft's fiery plunge through the atmosphere.

At one point during the crisis, Young, who had been at the helm for 8½ hours without a break, retired for a nap. As the shuttle program boss, Air Force Lieut. General James Abrahamson, later explained, "There's an old rule among test pilots: when there is a problem, then just slow down and back out."

While Young's copilot, Air Force Major Brewster Shaw, took charge, one of three inertial measuring units, which sense any changes in the spacecraft's speed or direction, mysteriously broke down. In addition, the laws of celestial mechanics added a political problem. Each extra swing around the earth changed *Columbia's* path. As a result, when the ship swooped out of its last orbit, instead of coming in south of Australia and over the western Pacific, it passed only 80 miles above eastern Siberia in the militarily sensitive area of the Sakhalin Peninsula where Soviet aircraft shot down a South Korean jet last September. Never before had a manned American spacecraft flown so low over Soviet territory; happily for NASA, there were no grumbles from the Kremlin.

The final electronic indignity came at the end of Young's textbook landing. As

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the orbiter's nose thudded to rest on its front landing gear, the No. 2 computer shut down again. The following day NASA announced it would not sanction the next shuttle flight, scheduled for Jan. 30, until the computer difficulties are resolved.

These new headaches demonstrated once again that the shuttle is still very much an experimental vehicle. Even so, NASA could take pride in the debut of Spacelab and the new breed of payload specialists—scientists from outside the regular astronaut corps, including one West German researcher—who managed its heavy load of 72 experiments. The space agency noted that more than 90% of the studies had been completed. If the scientific data transmitted from orbit in just a single burst were lined up as small, text-size electronic symbols, one official calculated, they would extend from the earth to the moon. After preliminary analysis, Spacelab's international team of scientists, from Europe, the U.S., Canada and Japan, were able to point to a number of important findings, including new insights into the body's reaction to weightlessness, a greater knowledge of the composition of the earth's atmosphere and invaluable experience in growing high-quality silicon crystals in microgravity.

The scientists had high praise for the ingenuity shown by the men in orbit, like Mission Specialist Robert Parker, whose deft use of a sleeping bag provided a cover of darkness while he reloaded a jammed spool of film. Said one Houston observer, University of Naples Physicist Luigi Napolitano: "You know, without those guys, the mission would have been a failure on the first day." The astronauts also found time to clown for the TV cameras and take telephone calls from President Reagan and West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl. But some problems simply had to be endured, like the accumulation of hydrogen gas in their water supply, which caused annoying flatulence. Joked Young: "As long as nobody lights any cigarettes, we're all right."

Young and Shaw left for Houston after *Columbia's* landing to rejoin their families, but the flight was not over for the other four crewmen. They were driven off to NASA's Dryden Flight Research Facility at Edwards for a continuation of the rigorous biomedical tests, including high-speed whirls in a centrifuge, which had begun on the ground and continued in orbit. These are designed not only to discover ways of coping with space sickness but also to learn whether any significant physiological changes occurred after ten days of weightlessness. Until these examinations are finished this Thursday, the guinea pig quartet must remain in isolation. They can take comfort in the thought that their dedication is bringing the day closer when ordinary mortals will follow the current space voyagers on the way to the stars. Assuming, of course, that NASA gets those balky computers to behave themselves. ***—By Frederic Golden. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Edwards Air Force Base and Jerry Hannifin/Houston***

Bernardin at Fordham: applying for the sanctity of life to a wide range of issues

Religion

Defense of a "Seamless Garment"

An American Cardinal opposes abortion and executions

The Roman Catholic Church has traditionally seen no contradiction in its opposition to abortion and its teaching that capital punishment can be morally licit. But Catholic criticism of the death penalty is growing stronger, even as the church remains steadfast in its belief that abortion is equivalent to murder.

At New York City's Fordham University last week, Joseph Cardinal Bernardin of Chicago, perhaps the most influential U.S. archbishop, defended the linking of opposition to both abortion and capital punishment by arguing that these "pro-life" policies constitute a "seamless garment." Bernardin also spoke on a subject with which he has become closely identified: opposition to the nuclear arms race. Rejections of abortion and nuclear war, he declared, are "specific applications of this broader attitude" to life. He noted: "We have also opposed the death penalty because we do not think its use cultivates an attitude of respect for life in society."

In Bernardin, the American Catholic hierarchy may have found a leader with enough personal appeal to gain a hearing among both liberals and conservatives for the belief that all issues relating to "the sanctity of life" belong together. The scope of the issues is growing: U.S. abortions now total 1.5 million a year, 1,270 convicts are waiting on America's death rows, and the nuclear arms race is escalating.

To some extent the linking of these three pro-life issues by the U.S. bishops differs from the views of Pope John Paul II, who has yet to issue a blanket condemnation of capital punishment. The Pope and the U.S. bishops are united in believing that threats to human life, including abortion and the nuclear arms race, are major moral problems for our time.

As Bernardin explained last week, the American bishops do not deny the traditional Catholic teaching that the state has a right to execute criminals, but they oppose the exercise of that right. Some individual bishops have gone further. Florida's seven bishops declared this year that capital punishment is "not compatible with the Gospel." They enlisted John Paul to join in an extraordinary appeal for clemency in the case of Robert Sullivan, whom they believed to be innocent of murder. Despite the Pope's plea to Governor Bob Graham, Sullivan was executed on Nov. 30. The staff of the U.S. Catholic Conference in Washington plans to put greater emphasis on the bishops' stance on the death penalty next year.

In his Fordham speech, Bernardin followed the lead of other U.S. prelates in extending the "life" agenda to questioning human genetic engineering, opposing mercy-killing and advocating Government aid to the needy. The same commitment to life, said the Cardinal, underlies the bishops' repeated criticism of Reagan Administration policy in Central America, for relying "predominantly on the threat of force" rather than diplomacy.

This was Bernardin's first full-dress policy statement since he succeeded the late Terence Cardinal Cooke as chairman of the bishops' Pro-Life Activities Committee. Bernardin's speech appeared to signal a renewed effort by the American church to redirect the country's thinking on what the Cardinal called the "ethic of life." It was an attempt to get liberals to reexamine the morality of abortion. Equally it was an appeal to those conservatives who condemn abortion to extend their pro-life commitment to opposing the nuclear arms race and capital punishment. ■

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When to Bypass the Bypass

Surgery is not always the answer for some heart patients

When it was introduced 15 years ago it was hailed as the biggest medical breakthrough of the decade. Since then, bypass surgery has become the most commonly performed heart operation in the U.S. (170,000 last year). It is a $3 billion industry, and thanks to the news media, which have faithfully chronicled operations on such notables as Henry Kissinger, Alexander Haig, Rock Hudson and Arthur Ashe, it has even achieved a certain social cachet. The bypass boom has led some doctors to fear that the operation is being overused. Now a study funded by the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute has confirmed their doubts. The ambitious $24 million study, ten years in the making, found that about one in eight bypass patients would live just as long with drug treatment instead of surgery. "In the past we have tended to believe that the operation prolongs survival," says Detroit Cardiologist Thomas Killip, who helped direct the study. "Now we are more skeptical."

The purpose of bypass surgery is, quite literally, to find a way around fat-clogged arteries in order to keep blood flowing to the heart. This is done by taking a segment of a blood vessel, usually from the leg, and grafting it into the chest, where it is used to create a detour around the obstruction. For patients with blockages in the left main coronary artery, the heart's principal conduit, a bypass offers the best hope of prolonging life. The procedure is also the treatment of choice for those with crippling pain due to several clogged coronary arteries.

The institute's study does not challenge these applications of surgery. Instead, it focuses on whether or not bypass operations extend the life of patients with less severe heart disease. Some of those selected for the study were suffering from mild to moderate angina, the viselike chest pains that signal a decreased supply of blood to the heart; others had a history of one or more heart attacks but did not have recurrent chest pains. The 780 participants, all under age 65, were randomly treated either with bypass surgery or with drugs, such as nitroglycerin and diuretics, that ease pain and help relieve the strain on the heart. The result after six years: survival rates of about 90% in both groups. In addition, there was no difference between the groups in the frequency of heart attacks or in the ability to return to work.

Nonetheless, bypass surgery did have some advantages. Says University of Alabama Cardiologist William Rogers, a principal investigator in the study: "There are striking differences when one looks at the quality of life." Indeed, the bypass patients suffered fewer chest pains, had greater endurance on exercise tests and required less medication.

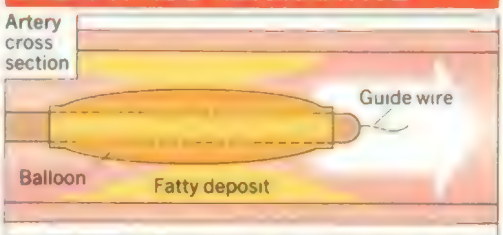
Given these advantages, why not always use the bypass? The answer lies in the nature of coronary heart disease. Arteriosclerosis, the buildup of fatty deposits in the arteries, continues to worsen no matter what the treatment (although patients who quit smoking, reduce fat in their diets and exercise regularly may improve their prognoses). So relentless is the disease that in 10% of bypass patients the newly grafted blood vessel becomes completely blocked within six months of surgery. For the more fortunate majority, blood will continue to flow through the bypass graft for years; however, other arteries may become clogged.

The ultimate result is that five years after surgery about half of all bypass patients are no better off than they were before, and many are candidates for a second bypass. "That second operation may be difficult and risky because the tissues are so damaged and scarred," explains noted Harvard Cardiologist Eugene Braunwald, chief of medicine at both Beth Israel Hospital and Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston. To avoid a second operation, Braunwald and a growing number of his colleagues believe that the first bypass should be put off as long as possible by controlling symptoms like angina with drugs. "What we're doing with drugs is buying time," he explains. The institute's study has shown that this can be done safely.

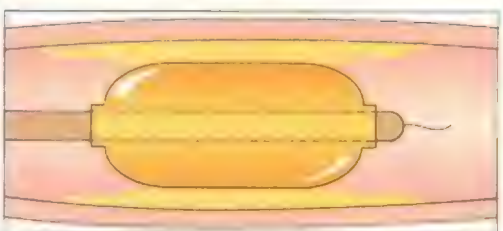
As heart research continues, the ability to buy time improves. In the mid-1970s, the availability of beta blockers, a class of drugs that help reduce the burden on the heart, made it possible for certain patients to postpone or avoid surgery altogether. Patients may also benefit from the introduction in the U.S. two years ago of substances called calcium channel blockers, which can reduce blood pressure, relieve some types of angina and help the heart work more efficiently.

There are other alternatives to the bypass. In the mid-1970s, Swiss Cardiologist Andreas Gruntzig developed an ingenious method of unclogging arteries using a small balloon. In angioplasty, now performed on about 12,000 patients a year, a narrow tube, or catheter, is threaded into the diseased artery until it reaches the clogged area. At that point a tiny balloon at the tip of the catheter is repeatedly inflated so that it flattens the deposits against the arterial wall and widens the channel.

ONE BYPASS ALTERNATIVE



Balloon-tipped catheter is threaded into artery to area of blockage.



When balloon is repeatedly inflated, fatty deposits are pushed aside, opening a channel. Catheter is then removed.

TIME Diagram by Vincent Alabiso

Angioplasty works best on patients with only one blocked artery, but fails when the deposits are too hard to be compressed or cannot be reached with the catheter. For such cases another technique may soon be available. Taking his inspiration from the laser swords in *Star Wars*, Cardiologist Garrett Lee, of the Western Heart Institute in San Francisco, has developed a catheter similar to the one used in angioplasty but with the addition of a pinpoint laser. Once the catheter is in place, the laser is carefully aimed and fired at the obstruction. The lumps of fat "melt like butter," says Lee. The debris is swept up through a vacuum tube. The so-called laserscope has been tested on animals, and Lee hopes to begin trials involving humans within six months.

Even with the development of such brave new techniques, bypass surgery is not about to become obsolete. For patients with advanced arteriosclerosis, it remains "a great operation," says Braunwald. Many who can be treated initially with drugs or angioplasty will ultimately need surgery as their disease progresses. The real challenge in treating heart disease is to find a way to prevent or reverse the inexorable process of arteriosclerosis. Only then can the bypass be bypassed once and for all. —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Dick Thompson/Los Angeles and Sue Wymelenberg/Boston*

The Witness as Target

Facing threats, many citizens fear to testify

To Homicide Detective David Calhoun, it seemed at first like a rock-solid case. A minister and his two children had been walking by a Houston motel last month when they saw three men spill out of one of the rooms. Two of them were shooting the other while he begged for mercy. The churchman saw the murderers clearly and Calhoun knew that he was going to make a "super witness." But then the minister was paid a visit by two men, once at his home and again outside Houston police headquarters on the day he was to identify one captured suspect in a lineup. Suddenly, the best part of the detective's case had dissolved. "Shaking so bad it looked like he had St. Vitus's dance," as Calhoun put it, the minister explained that he feared for his children's lives and could not cooperate.

The clergyman thus became one of untold thousands of Americans who every year refuse to testify as witnesses in criminal trials for fear of retaliation by suspects or their associates. The cases of fearful witnesses that come to public attention usually involve mobsters or major drug dealers. But the problem of intimidation is much broader, encompassing countless burglaries, robberies, rapes and incidents of domestic violence that police never even hear about because victims and witnesses are afraid to report them. "These are not flashy cases," says John Stein, spokesman for the National Organization for Victim Assistance. "They are mundane, low-visibility cases, typically involving family violence." Witnesses and victims who are poor particularly "live at the mercy of tough, lawless individuals," says Atlanta's Assistant District Attorney Thomas Hayes. "You have to admire them for the times we are able to persuade them to testify."

Lorraine Carter, 31, is not untypical, except perhaps in her refusal to be bullied. She is the chief complaining witness against her estranged lover—the father of four of her six children—who, she claims, "tried to murder me last year." While the ex-boyfriend's trial in Brooklyn is pending, he is free. Last month "he snatched me from in front of the house. He tried to strangle me with some rope," she says, adding that police are unwilling or unable to help. But, bristles Carter, "I am not dropping the charges. I am not going to let him scare me like that."

No national statistics delineate the extent of the problem, but New York City's Victim Services Agency studied 109 victims and witnesses in Brooklyn who had been threatened by suspects they were to testify against. The 1981 report found that 23% were attacked, either directly by assault, or indirectly when their cars were vandalized or their houses burglarized. Police rearrested almost none of the intimidators. The number of uncooperative witnesses is especially high when narcotics are involved. In Florida, by one state law-enforcement official's estimate, 30% of witnesses in major drug cases disappear, having fled or been killed.

The reflexive viciousness of the drug trade came into stark relief last month with the case of Nathaniel Sweeper, a suspected drug-gang enforcer who was accused of shooting another man to death on a Harlem street corner. The chief witness against Sweeper was a drug addict named Bobby Edmonds. Police and prosecutors succeeded in keeping his identity secret until the trial began. At that point, the judge disclosed Edmonds' name and address to the defense. Within seven hours Edmonds was found dead, with two bullets in the back of his head.

That widely reported case no doubt chilled the courage of potential witnesses all over the country. Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau notes that Edmonds' was one of those rare New York cases in which a witness was offered protection, only hours before his death. He turned it down because he had a $150-a-day heroin habit. Says the D.A.: "Junkies do not want to be kept away from their drugs."

The urban war between street gangs and witnesses rages especially in Los Angeles, large sections of which are under siege by black and Mexican-American gangs. "We don't have a lot of witnesses killed," says Detective Joe Suarez of the L.A.P.D.'s gang squad, "because a lot of them never come forward." The gangs consider it a matter of honor to go after any witnesses if one of their members is arrested. As a result, says Suarez, "we may have a murder committed in broad daylight in front of 20 people, and suddenly those 20 people go blind."

Witnesses in many cities do not even have the protection of anonymity, since their names and addresses are routinely attached to various court documents. Furthermore, judicial rules in many states require that the identities of all witnesses testifying be made known to defendants so that they can attempt to rebut the testimony. The Constitution, however, explicitly requires only that the defendant have the opportunity to confront an accuser in court; thus a number of jurisdictions are now concealing the identities of some witnesses until they actually take the stand.

Counterintimidation sometimes helps. Police may follow a witness for a time, or have a "chat" with the person accused of making the threat. "Once the defendant is made aware that we are serious about protecting our witnesses, the problem is solved," says Bert Graham of the Houston district attorney's office. Texas is one of several states that have imposed tough, additional sentences on any defendant found guilty of intimidation. The American Bar Association's model statute on the subject, adopted in whole or in part by Congress and five states, recommends such harsh penalties, as well as broad judicial power for police to protect witnesses who the court perceives are in danger.

Many cities also now have agencies that work with victims and witnesses on protective measures. The ultimate and most expensive defense is to move the witness. The 13-year-old federal Witness Protection Program has relocated and changed the identities of some 4,000 witnesses in organized-crime cases. Chicago now has its own relocation program, involving 150 witnesses last year. Despite such efforts, though, the problem defies easy solution. Even when a witness has full police protection, that protection will generally end with the trial. "These gangs have memories like elephants," says Los Angeles' Suarez. "They'll kill someone two years later. And when you ask them why they did it, they'll say, 'Well, he testified in court.' "

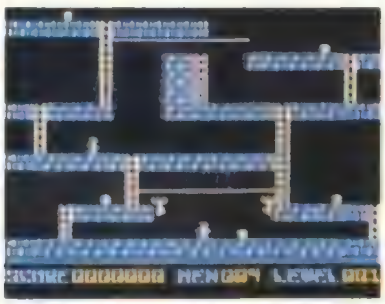
—By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York and Gary Taylor/Houston, with other bureaus

Software for All Seasons

A holiday gift guide for putting the byte into Christmas

Thousands of Americans will wake up Christmas morning to find a computer under the tree. If they are lucky, they will also find some software in their stockings, for without programs to run, the shiny new machines are almost useless. But with more than 30,000 programs on the market, finding the right software is a chore that can daunt the savviest hacker. Some of the best and the easiest-to-use programs available this Christmas:

FOR WORK. Computers cannot do housekeeping, but many programs can put order into even the most tangled household finances. One of the best new family-management programs is Monogram's Dollars and Sense, a powerful product that is straightforward and surprisingly simple to learn. A carefully written manual and a complete set of on-screen instructions make this almost a crash course in accounting principles. The program will balance up to twelve different checking accounts and simultaneously track 120 budget categories, from MasterCard bills to mortgage payments. The one drawback: someone must sit down every few days and tell the computer where the money has been spent. An added benefit of the program is that, come April 15, the cost of the software and a portion of the hardware can be tax deductible. Price: $100 for Apple computers and $165 for the IBM Personal Computer and compatible models.



Lode Runner's commando goes for the gold

Writing is a task that a computer can make less painful, and scores of programs are now available to turn a microcomputer into a word processor. Most fall into one of two categories: simple-but-limited or powerful-and-unnecessarily-complicated. Microsoft, the leading microcomputer-software firm, has put its considerable prestige and programming talent behind Microsoft Word, a word-processing program that is loaded with extras yet relatively easy to master. The program employs a "mouse," a pointing device about the size of a pack of cigarettes, to move around blocks of text. But since some touch typists do not like to take their fingers off the keyboard, use of the mouse is optional. For IBM Personal Computers and compatible machines: $375 ($475 with mouse)

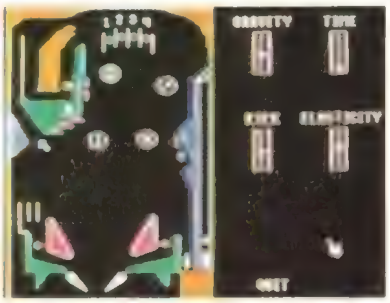
FOR LEARNING. Hit the letter *A* on the keyboard, and a bright and cheery airplane sputters across the computer screen. Hit *X*, and a funny-faced bear plays a theme from *Star Wars* on a xylophone. That is the thoroughly modern way to learn the alphabet. Xerox Education Publications, the folks who put out *Weekly Reader*, a magazine used for decades by millions of grade-schoolers, now publish the Stickybear software series. The programs, which are aimed at preschool children, include ABC, Numbers and Opposites. Each package mixes attractive graphics with clever reading and counting lessons and has such perks as posters, storybooks and Stickybear stickers. For Apple computers: $39.95

I is for *ice cream* in Stickybear ABC

Teaching electronics with Rocky's Boots

Rocky's Boots from the Learning Company is as much fun as the computer itself. Starting with the fundamentals of moving a cursor, the video control point, this surprise-filled program goes on to teach the basics of electronics to children age seven and up. Youngsters are eventually given instructions on how to use wires, clocks and on/off gates to build their own electronic machines on terminal screens. The program is a painless and fascinating introduction into what makes computers tick. For Apples: $49.95

The Logo programming language, which has its roots in the studies of Swiss Psychologist Jean Piaget and research done at M.I.T.'s Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, teaches some of the most profound ideas in computer science by having children draw complex geometric patterns with a few simple commands. Versions of Logo have been available on such machines as the Apple, Atari, Commodore and Texas Instruments computers for more than a year. Now Digital Research has introduced Dr. Logo, an expanded edition for the IBM PC and compatible machines that emphasizes the language's ability to manipulate words and ideas. Price: $99.95.



Create a game with Pinball Construction Set

FOR PLAY. No software library would be complete without a finger-twitching arcade game, and one of this season's bestsellers is Broderbund's Lode Runner, a climbing, jumping, chase adventure. The player controls a realistically animated galactic commando, who must recover a fortune in stolen gold before he is nabbed by a gang of bare-chested imperial guards. The program also lets creative gamesters design their own underground labyrinths. For Apple, Atari and Commodore computers: $39.95

Two years ago, a young programmer named Bill Budge developed the smash hit Raster Blaster, the first computer game that simulated a pinball machine on a video monitor. Now, with Pinball Construction Set, Budge has done himself one better. This program puts the pictures of components on the screen and lets players make their own pinball machines. Flippers, bumpers, launchers and kickers fall easily into place and then perform like the real thing. Players can paint the pinball pieces bright colors, set up complex scoring patterns, or adjust the time, gravity and elasticity of the playing area. An added advantage: a computerized pinball machine will not malfunction because of a tilt. For Apple and Atari computers from Electronic Arts: $40. —*By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco*

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Two faces of Jean: Elizabeth Counsell as the older and Kelly Hunter as the young Seberg

The Perils of Being Sir Peter

Hall stirs up a stew with his tattling diaries and a new musical

"If you can't have a monumental success," Peter Hall confided to his diary in 1972, "I suppose you may as well have a monumental failure." Lately Sir Peter, 53, has been getting his melancholy wish. Founder of the Royal Shakespeare Company, boss for a decade of the huge National Theater, a noted director of plays, operas and films, Hall has long been the most successful and controversial impresario on the bustling British arts scene. Now he is the bestselling author of a volume of tittle-tattle diaries, the director of a lugubrious new musical about Actress Jean Seberg, and the star of a brouhaha that boasts enough celebrities, sex, money, backstabbing and even cultural significance to fill every London tabloid from now till Boxing Day. Screaming headlines leap to the imagination:

FOES BLAST HALL: "AS BAD AS NIXON!" Publication this fall of *Peter Hall's Diaries*, which chronicles his first eight years at the National (1972-80), has sent Sir Peter's old enemies scurrying to put in their tuppence worth. Playwright John Osborne denounced the book as a "numbing record of banal ambition, official evasiveness and individual cupidity." Opera Critic Tom Sutcliffe of the *Guardian* argues that "Hall has rewritten the history of the National's early days. It's a matter of setting the record crooked."

Now listen to Jonathan Miller, who quit his job as one of the National's associate directors in 1975 and still admits to getting into "a homicidal rage" when thinking of Hall: "Working for him was like working for Richard Nixon. Like Nixon, he always has a couple of underlings around who finish his enemies off by spoiling their reputations. I've talked to all of them—Laurence Olivier, John Dexter and Michael Blakemore [three of Hall's onetime colleagues]—and there is a unanimous feeling of righteous indignation."

SIR PETER'S OPERAS EARN CATCALLS ON TWO CONTINENTS. For Hall, it has been a rough year on the roller coaster of notoriety, after triumphs in 1982 at the National (including Harold Pinter's *Other Places*) and the Glyndebourne Festival Opera (where Hall directed *Orfeo et Eurydice*). But last November he staged Verdi's *Macbeth* at New York City's Metropolitan Opera to a gang of mostly abusive reviews. Then this summer Hall premiered his production of *The Ring of the Nibelung* at Bayreuth, and things were no sunnier there. The work opened to bad reviews and an audience that sounded, as one reviewer wrote, "like hundreds of savage wolves baying for blood."

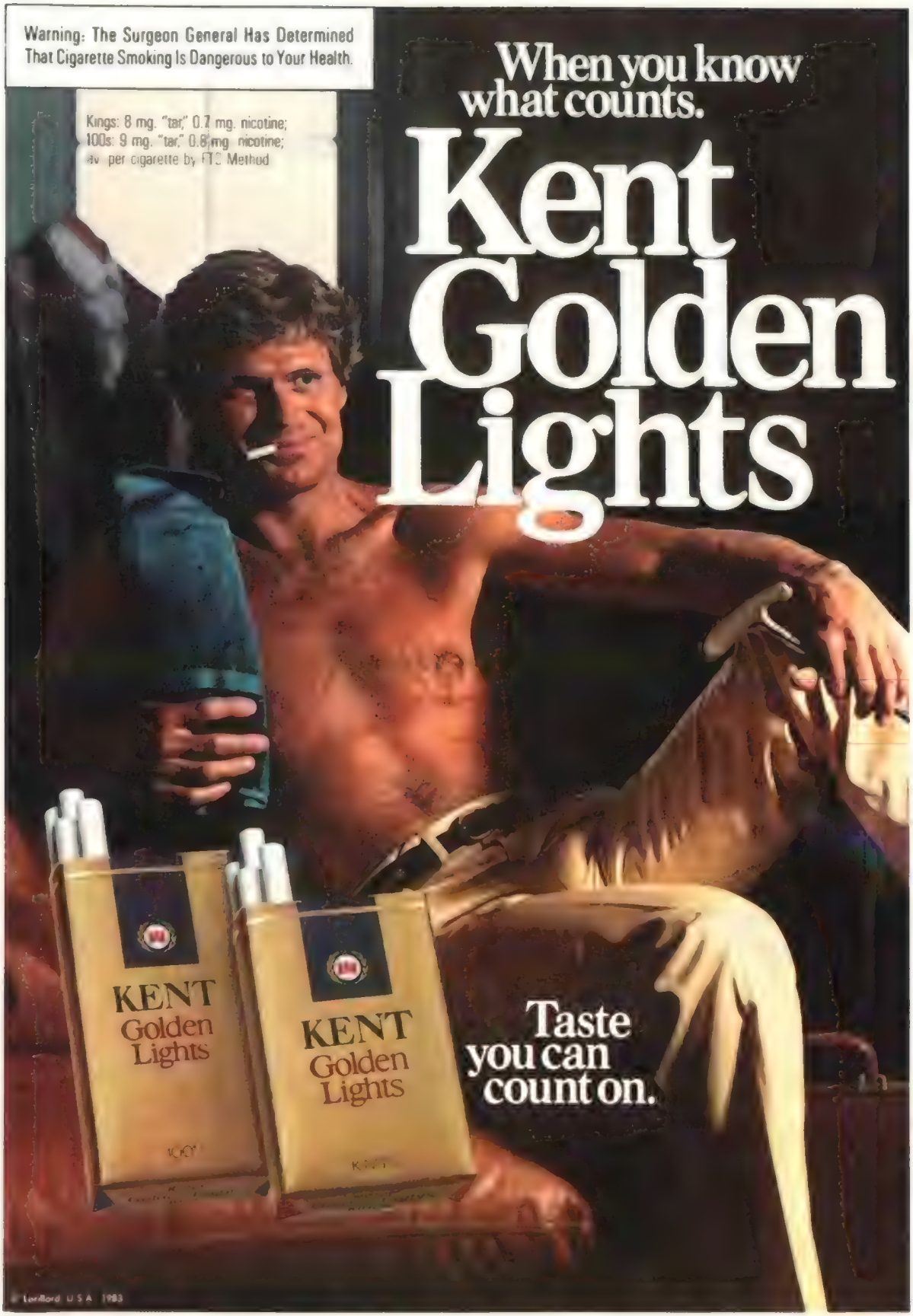
The National's boss on home turf in London

PINTER ANGRILY QUITS N.T., SCORES HALL FOR "INEFFICIENCY." Until this year, Hall's staff of associate directors had remained faithful. (Miller and Blakemore, who defected from the National in the mid-'70s, were both holdovers from the reign of Olivier, Hall's predecessor.) Then Pinter, whose plays Hall had been directing since 1962, felt abandoned when Hall left for Bayreuth just as Pinter was staging a troubled production of Giraudoux's *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place* at the National. Without alerting Hall in advance, Pinter resigned as an associate director of the theater. Last week Pinter told TIME, "The fundamental problem of the National Theater is that its artistic director spends a great deal of his time elsewhere. He and the board have failed to appoint a deputy to him, entrusted with full artistic responsibility in Peter Hall's absence. This results in a policy which is incoherent and an enterprise which has no core. This vacuum creates discontent, confusion and inefficiency. That is why I resigned in May."

HALL BURNS MOVIE STAR, SELF AT THE N.T. STAKE. In September, Hall began rehearsing *Jean Seberg* with a score by Marvin Hamlisch, book by Julian Barry and lyrics by Christopher Adler (all Americans). There were reports of backstage turmoil. The leading actress sprained her ankle, a leading actor broke his, and the choreographer was replaced. There were complaints that the National, with its government annuity of some $9 million, was underwriting a "Broadway tryout" (Hall may direct a New York company of *Jean Seberg* early in 1985).

Hall, who in his *Diaries* had derided Hamlisch's *A Chorus Line* as "reeking of double Broadway standards," now pushes the pre-opening troubles aside and defends *Jean Seberg* as "an exciting piece of work about the danger of starmaking in Western society." He has literally cast Seberg as a modern Joan of Arc. He has staged Seberg's involvement with the Black Panthers as a khaki chorus line brandishing rifles to a rhythm-and-blues beat. The show climaxes with Saint Jean burning at the stake for her ideals, torch courtesy of the FBI. *Jean Seberg* opened this month with a couple of champions and more detractors among the London critics. The most telling slur has come from Hall's alma mater, the R.S.C., whose own musical, the satirical pantomime *Poppy*, has begun a successful commercial run. At one point in the show, the actors encourage the audience to join in song and add a threat: "Anyone who doesn't sing along gets two tickets to *Jean Seberg*."

SIR PETER TELLS ALL—AND TOO MUCH MORE. A nifty bedside skim, *Diaries* is 500 pages of tape-recorded daily entries, bleeding with triumph and futility.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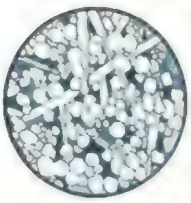
GOT PLAQUE? FIGHT BACK.

What is plaque?



Artist's rendition of bacterial plaque x 10,000 magnification

You may not know it, but you could have plaque. Almost everybody does. Plaque is a sticky, nearly invisible germ film that forms and builds up on your teeth. But, if you reduce plaque, you can have a cleaner, fresher mouth with less stain and odor.

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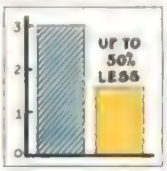

[illegible] plaque after regular brushing and rinsing with water. Yellow bar is plaque after regular brushing and rinsing twice a day with Listerine. There's up to 50% less plaque with Listerine.

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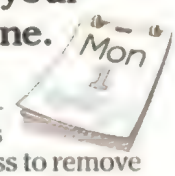

So, to reduce plaque, brush thoroughly—at least twice a day is recommended. Floss to remove food particles and plaque between teeth. See your dentist for cleanings and check-ups at least twice a year. And use Listerine Antiseptic regularly, twice a day, for better oral hygiene.

Listerine. Helps reduce plaque for better oral hygiene.

As "the pilot of the first theatrical Concorde," Hall fought with arts barons, trade unions and pretenders to his crown to see the National to its concrete home on the Thames. The psychic struggle took its toll: Hall describes himself as being "raw as burnt skin."

Does Sir Peter ever have any fun? On the *Diaries* evidence, a little. Though Hall is frustrated by Olivier's "Machiavellian love of intrigue," he delights in John Gielgud's fussy modesty, Ralph Richardson's engaging bluster, Albert Finney's eagerness to tackle any role. He enjoys the artistic adventure of rehearsing: "It's really why I do this job." But there is another pleasure: confiding to the diary—and now to any Briton with £12.95 to spend—his colleagues' amorous intrigues (but rarely his own). In 1975 he reports that Pinter is "wildly and happily in love" with Lady Antonia Fraser while still married to Actress Vivien Merchant. In an irate letter, Pinter denounced Hall for relating "matters of the utmost privacy." As for Hall, he says regretfully: "We had a marvelous collaboration. Now there is no hope of getting him back."

BLOODY AND ABUSED, SIR PETER SOLDIERS ON. Surveying his domain from his aerie in the National, Hall finds as many defenders as snipers. Gielgud praises his "tremendous enthusiasm and energy." Playwright David Hare (*Plenty*) values Sir Peter's "help, experience and support." Michael Billington, drama critic of the *Guardian*, argues that "overall, Hall should get very high marks." Actress-Director Maria Aitken finds Sir Peter "very clever, very sexy, very stimulating."

Now Hall lowers his eyelids until he resembles Fu Manchu and says, "It's been a year of controversy, but no more or less than other years. I've had ups, downs, good years, bad ones. I've been constantly challenged, praised, abused, damned. Running the National Theater is a bit like being Nelson's Column out there with all those pigeons in Trafalgar Square. Personally, I can't tell you where I am. But I can tell you where the National is. It is extremely successful. Until I read John Goodwin's editing of *Diaries* I had forgotten—because one's memory of pain is short—what complete bloody hell it was opening this place: getting the money, getting it open, getting it to work. Now it really does work. And now I really am enjoying it."

Hall plans three new productions at the National: *Coriolanus, Animal Farm* as a musical and, possibly, another play from Peter Shaffer. (Hall staged *Amadeus* in both London and New York.) Meantime, he is happy to see the three auditoriums in the National complex filled to 80% of capacity. "I've always been a businessman as well as trying to be an artist. And I do love running things." With his $71,000-a-year contract at the National renewed for five years, Sir Peter seems destined to remain a lively British monument. Just like Nelson's Column. —***By Richard Corliss. Reported by Mary Cronin/London***

Theater

Mothers and Fathers Doing Well

BABY *Music by David Shire; Lyrics by Richard Maltby Jr. Book by Sybille Pearson*

What's this? A Broadway musical that comes out foursquare for motherhood? And, for that matter, fatherhood? Shades of George M. Cohan! Nor is that by any means the end of the sins against chic committed by *Baby*. It is set in a leafy college town, about as far as you can get from show business, which seems to provide the themes and setting for most of Broadway's current musicals. And in a theatrical atmosphere where producers will spend millions on state-of-the-glitz stagecraft but not a penny for tribute to the ordinary issues that animate ordinary people, *Baby* makes do with a cast of 15, an undersized orchestra and sets that consist largely of diaphanous draperies constantly awhirl to signify scene changes.

Todd Graff and Liz Callaway contemplate parenthood's possibilities in *Baby*

An alive and kicking score celebrates the great chain of being.

Logically (and originally) enough, *Baby* is about the process of having one. For the youngest of its three central couples (Liz Callaway and Todd Graff), this is as easy and cheering as rolling into bed of an evening. For a slightly older pair (Catherine Cox and Martin Vidnovic), it is an anguish; their scientifically orchestrated struggle to conceive is a humiliation to him and a vast inconvenience to her romantic impulses. For the oldest twosome (Beth Fowler and James Congdon), who already have three grown children, it is a bestartlement; they had no idea that weekend at the Plaza would put such a stimulating glow into their sunset years. It is the virtue of Sybille Pearson's book that the principals never become archetypes, thanks to her gift for tart dialogue and pleasant personification. It is the defect of her writing that things proceed a little too smoothly. Some second-act confusions and reversals might well have been in order.

But if *Baby's* heart is a little too much in the right place, its head is very correctly concentrated on the things that should matter the most in a musical. David Shire's score (artfully orchestrated by Jonathan Tunick) is alive and kicking and often whimsically satirical of what seems to be the entire range of contemporary pop styles. The lyrics by Richard Maltby Jr. are intricate without being show-offy; his rhymes never lose sight of their reason for being. And the staging, also by Maltby, is rather like his lyrics, fluid and inventive without ever seeming to strain.

The women have the best of the book and the best of the songs, and it is impossible to choose a favorite among the sweetly earnest Callaway, the game and leggy Cox, the knowing but uncynical Fowler. But it is Callaway who has the show's signature song, a first-act finale that somehow summarizes *Baby's* strengths. Called *The Story Goes On*, it is, of all things, a hymn to the joys of joining the great chain of being. It could have been bathetic. It could have been pretentious. It could have been desperate. But like much else in an entrancing entertainment show that only looks small and simple, it succeeds in making you feel good without making you feel stupid. That is a rare quality in an up number. It is an even rarer quality in the musical theater of the moment. —***By Richard Schickel***

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A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman

Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rums on the rocks

After a lively doubles match, Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant

Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes

A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course

Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps

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A Tissue of Implications

SILKWOOD *Directed by Mike Nichols*
Screenplay by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen

In the nine years since her death, it has pleased many people to think of Karen Silkwood as a sort of Joan of Arc of the nuclear age, an ignorant peasant lass who was martyred after she heeded the voice of a developing conscience and dared to point out the lack of adequate safety measures and quality controls in a plutonium-recycling plant where she was employed. This facility was owned by a corporate giant (Kerr-McGee) working under a Government contract, and Silkwood died in an auto accident on her way to show a New York *Times* reporter supposed documentary evidence of her charges. Thus, the possibility that someone may have murdered her in order to silence her has occurred to many on the left and among feminists, who were quick to claim Silkwood for their own. Sooner or later she was bound to become the subject of that final step in the canonization of secular saints, a major motion picture.

One rather imagines that the people who undertook this task in *Silkwood* may now wish they had waited until later. For rarely has the desperation to square inspirational myth with provable, nonlibelous reportage been more apparent. And rarely has the failure to do so been more dismaying. All they can say without fear of litigious contradiction is that there were obvious defects in the way plutonium was handled in the Crescent, Okla., plant that employed Karen Silkwood; that this woman, whom they cannot show as anything but neurotically self-centered and very messy both in her private life and in her relationship with peers and superiors at work, for reasons of her own decided to take a leading role in her union's campaign to remedy these defects; that thereafter she began to suffer from radioactive contamination, which may have been caused by someone in the company, but could possibly have been self-induced; that on the night of Nov. 13, 1974, she lost control of her car and crashed into a wall (the only concrete object in this case) with instantly fatal results.

What they cannot say, however, is whether the working conditions under protest were the result of deliberate policy or middle-management bungling of an unmalicious kind. Nor can they identify a moment when Silkwood made a conscious commitment to a coherent program of opposition to the status quo, which would, naturally, have included a knowing (and thus heroic) acceptance of the risks she might possibly be taking. Shorn of the ability to make direct statements on these matters, the film, in its climactic accident, is robbed of its capacity either to instruct or to move. Unable to prove a corporate conspiracy against Silkwood, or even individual violence by someone whose job was threatened by investigations, the movie must content itself with showing, without comment, mysterious headlights appearing behind her car just before the crash. And then admit, on a concluding title card, that an autopsy revealed a large amount of tranquilizers as well as a small amount of alcohol in the system of this demonstrably unstable woman. This is the most significant set of contradictory implications in a movie that is a tissue of them. And they leave the viewer about where he began, free to consult his own paranoia, or lack of it, for an interpretation of her life and death.

Meryl Streep as Karen Silkwood at work in a plutonium-recycling facility

Caught in a bind between inspirational myth and provable fact.

If *Silkwood* aspired merely to documentary honesty, this approach would be entirely honorable, perhaps even praiseworthy. But it will not do for a film that feels a powerful obligation to politicized mythmaking and must, in any case, try to involve the audience at a more intense and immediate dramatic, emotional and intellectual level. The strategy, therefore, is to treat the particulars of its heroine's political activities and her death almost as irrelevancies. The important thing, we are supposed to believe, is that Silkwood somehow redeemed an inconsequential life, a life the film makers are at pains to treat disdainfully, by a miraculous, inexplicable focusing of her energies on a significant issue of social conscience in its final months. Again, this is not an interpretation proved by any of the facts the film can set forth. So Nichols starts sneaking in the strains of *Amazing Grace* over his concluding images, and they swell mightily over the end credits.

Amazing grace, indeed, that saved a wretch like the one we are shown. And amazing (if possibly unconscious) patronization on the part of the film's creators. There is none of the affectionate respect for working-class life and values that marked the similar, and far superior, *Norma Rae*, nor any of that film's sense of felt reality either. One senses that Nichols and his colleagues are reporting on a sociological field trip, that they made no instinctive emotional connections with Silkwood's milieu.

This is a criticism one extends to Meryl Streep in the title role. She is an actress of calculated effects, which work well when she is playing self-consciously intelligent women. But interpreting a character who abandoned three children, shares a house with a rather shiftless boyfriend and a lesbian (Kurt Russell and Cher, both of whom are easier and more naturalistic performers) and shows her contempt for Authority by flashing a bare breast at its representative, she seems at once forced and pulled back.

But the entire film has that air about it, caught as it is in a double bind. The facts it can lay its hands on do not support a politically alarming or dramatically compelling conclusion to the mysteries of this case. Nor do they lead to a very uplifting statement about the motives and character of its central figure. On the other hand, the passage of time has not yet burnished away the ambiguities surrounding this affair, which might have permitted a purely mythic, *Gandhi*-like approach. In short, the moviemakers are backed into a corner from which neither show-biz sophistry nor a resort to the kind of radical-chic attitudes Nichols has always favored, nor yet a hundred hymns, can lift them. The final unspoken implication of this film is that Karen Silkwood's tragedy lay in the fact that she was cut down just short of the point at which she would have attained that truly amazing state of grace where she would have become a suitable speaker for fund raisers in the Hamptons or Beverly Hills. The humblest among us deserves a better apotheosis than that.

—*By Richard Schickel*

Season's Bleedings in Tinseltown

Three Christmas movies drip red in search of box-office green

CHRISTINE

The movies are a machine that makes art. But what are we to make of films in which the machine is the main attraction? Burt Reynolds may be at the wheel of his Trans Am, Harrison Ford can maneuver his *Millennium Falcon* in hyperspace, Roy Scheider may occupy the cockpit of the *Blue Thunder* helicopter, but the hardware is the hero. It knows neither fear nor fatigue; it does the job it is programmed to do and never complains; if it is destroyed, a comradely clone can take its place. For a nation that has cause to doubt that nobody does it better, the machine is something like the last American hero.

Not Christine, who has the body of a '58 Plymouth Fury but the mind of a Victorian murderess. At birth, on the Chrysler assembly line, she mysteriously killed a mechanic who dared to drop cigar ash on her upholstery. (Alfred Hitchcock once tried, unsuccessfully, to work a scene like this into a movie: now the trick has been solved.) Two decades later, Arnie Cunningham (Keith Gordon), nerd of high school nerds, owns Christine—and is possessed by her. In a trice this four-eyed Faust is transformed into a cool dude with clear skin, wrap-around shades, slick black hair and the sexy swagger of a Vegas lounge star. No wonder Leigh (Alexandra Paul), the prettiest girl on campus, is aswoon over Arnie. But she has tough competition in Christine. Such jealousy, when Leigh suggests that Arnie is too attached to his car, Christine forces the girl to choke, nearly to death, on some fast food. Such vindictiveness: three punk classmates of Arnie's push him around and Christine seeks them out and totals them. "Be careful what you call my car," Arnie warns his best friend (John Stockwell). "She's real sensitive."

Gordon, Paul, Stockwell and herself

Director John Carpenter and Screenwriter Bill Phillips have compacted and customized Stephen King's screaming jalopy of a novel until it moves with sleek '50s lines and a sassy tail-fin flip at the end. Graceful tracking shots mime the killer car's gliding menace; the deserted nighttime streets are washed chrome-shiny by rain. The high-school scenes, which are neither coarse nor condescending, put every other current teen-pic to shame. Carpenter's cast mixes vigorous old pros with young comers; Keith Gordon is a hilariously intense Jekyll-and-Snide. The movie—Carpenter's best since *Halloween*—is at heart a deadpan satire of the American male's love affair with his car. This *Christine* is one lean mean funny machine.

—By Richard Corliss

Dirty Clint

SUDDEN IMPACT

When he plays Dirty Harry Callahan, Clint Eastwood acts with his pulsating blood vessels. Two veins run down his high forehead like stray hairs on a Gorgon. His jugular throbs with moral indignation over sadistic criminals, liberal judges and guys who put ketchup on hot dogs. For *Sudden Impact–Dirty Harry IV*, Clint has grown a new worry line: an asp of a blood vessel that snakes across his left temple. Heaven knows he needs it. San Francisco is overrun with thrill-juiced punks and Mafia goons. No sweat, though: Harry has more artillery than the Cubans ever dreamed of stocking on Grenada. Interrupting a stickup in a diner, he aims a Smith & Wesson the size of Mr. T's forearm at an armed robber and grimaces, "Make my day." Then Harry insults a Mob chieftain with such savagery that the old man suffers a fatal heart attack. "Hey," he later shrugs to his apoplectic chief of detectives, "how'd I know he was gonna vapor-lock?"

Such pleasantries occupy the film's first ten minutes; then Harry gets down to business. In the cozy village of San Paulo, a sextet of lowlifes, who make the Manson family look like the Cabbage Patch Kids, are being killed one by one by a method delicately described as "a .38-cal. vasectomy." The vengeful dispatcher is an artist who had been raped by the San Paulo Six a decade before. Since she is played by Eastwood's frequent co-star Sondra Locke, you can guess what Harry's verdict will be when he catches up with her. Right: the hardhearted cop at long last has found the first criminal he wants to mollycoddle.

"You're a walkin', friggin' combat zone," Harry's boss tells him. "Your ideas don't fit any more." Alas, they do. Dirty Harry is the raging vigilante voice inside every put-upon urbanite. In the past, Eastwood has carried this contradiction within his own antihero character; now Harry has found a comely avatar. Joseph C. Stinson's script says it is O.K. to kill half a dozen people if you have soft blond hair and a righteous grudge. Agree who will. The rest of the audience will enjoy Director Eastwood's knowing cinematic jolts, the outsize hammery of the performances and Big Clint's return to form as a box-office powder keg.

—R.C.

GORKY PARK

Novelist Martin Cruz Smith managed two entertaining tricks in *Gorky Park:* he believably evoked the ordinary life of Moscow as a background to a mystery story, and he created a detective hero, Arkady Renko, who was persuasively motivated by neuroses in his pursuit of the solution to an ugly murder. Dennis Potter's adaptation vitiates both these strengths.

Forced to use Helsinki as a double for Moscow, Director Michael Apted (who is usually good at suggesting atmosphere) never makes us believe we are anywhere but on a movie location. And William Hurt, accent all askew, his spirit turned to molasses by an excess of brooding, plays Arkady as if he were strictly from Chekov. It is a ludicrous exhibition—possibly the silliest piece of self-consciousness since movies added the Method to their madness. As a suspect who becomes his lover, Joanna Pacula is pallid; as the villain, Lee Marvin is livid. But at least they are acting, not posturing. It is not their fault that the film emphasizes its source's weakness: an overconvoluted plot, sluggishly developed. *Gorky Park's* dullness is so excruciating they could probably find a use for it in the Lubianka prison; the threat of having to see it more than once would make anyone confess to anything.

—R.S.

Joanna Pacula in *Gorky Park*

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Clues and hints are cleverly concealed in the illustrations for Monika Beisner's *Book of Riddles*

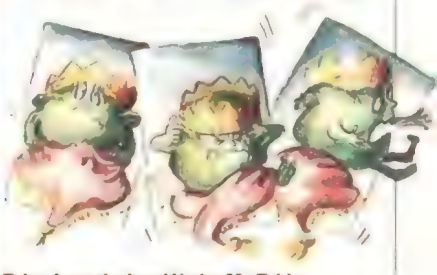
"No book is really worth reading at the age of ten which is not equally (and often far more) worth reading at the age of 50 and beyond." So wrote Oxford Don C.S. Lewis, author of the immortal *Chronicles of Narnia*. The statement is true enough, but the ability to write a children's book that will last decades is granted to few. Of the hundreds of juvenile volumes published this year, only a handful will endure to New Year's Day. Among those that have a chance of surviving:

Four centuries are represented in **The Random House Book of Poetry for Children,** selected by Jack Prelutsky *($13.95)*. William Blake is here; so are Shakespeare and Charles Lamb, alongside such modern versifiers as Spike Milligan, Eve Merriam and Karla Kuskin. A zoo of creatures passes in review, from pachyderms ("I think they had no pattern/ When they cut out the elephant's skin; Some places it needs letting out, And others, taking in") to birds ("The song of canaries/ Never varies,/ And when they're moulting/ They're pretty revolting"). Anthologist Prelutsky gives equal time to children's resentments and fears, but his best selections feed the youthful sense of wonder expressed by Emily Dickinson's argument for reading poetry aloud: "A word is dead/ When it is said,/ Some say./ I say it just/ Begins to live/ That day."

A haunting episode in *Esteban and the Ghost*

Pastels and magic are the main components of **The Wreck of the Zephyr,** written and illustrated by Chris Van Allsburg *(Houghton Mifflin; $14.95)*. A small sailboat sits wrecked at the edge of a cliff. How did it get up there? An old salt describes the journey to a place where boats glide above the water like seagulls. Van Allsburg's dark, hypnotic illustrations follow the craft through massed clouds and starry evenings, until it crashes to earth with the surprise of a joke and the power of a folk tale.

There are two works of art in **A Medieval Feast,** written and illustrated by Aliki *(Crowell; $9.95)*: the regal meal, and the author's rendering of it. Preparations at the manor house, the pursuit of pheasants by falcons, and boars by aristocrats, the serving of the rare Cockentrice (a capon and suckling pig cut in half, stuffed and sewn each to the other's half), and finally the ravenous consumption of the endless courses are researched and represented with the serene detail of an illuminated manuscript.



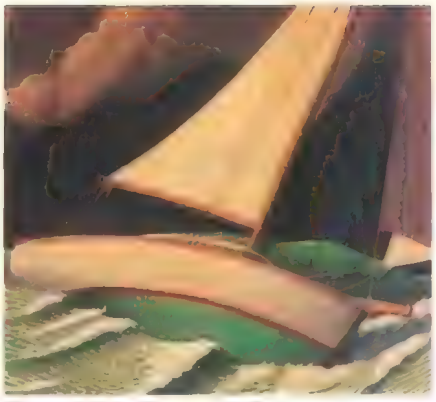
Tales from the Land Under My Table

"After painting action scenes I have ached for hours because of having put myself in the other fellow's shoes as I realized him on canvas." The other fellow in this case was **Robinson Crusoe,** by Daniel Defoe *(Scribners; $17.95)*, and the artist was N.C. Wyeth, whose paintings gave the 18th century story a legendary radiance. This version, long out of print, is part of Scribners' admirable attempt to bring back the great days of classics illustrated by giants like Wyeth and Howard Pyle. *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* have previously been resurrected; can *Robin Hood* and *The Last of the Mohicans* be far behind?

1) It has four legs and a foot and can't walk. It has a head and can't talk. What is it? 2) What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward? These are only a small sampling of Monika Beisner's **Book of Riddles** *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95)*. The mystification is alleviated by Beisner's teasing illustrations, which scatter clues for those who know how to observe. The answers, incidentally, are: 1) a bed, 2) an icicle. And those are the easy ones. There are 98 more inside.

The main course of *A Medieval Feast*

The Most Wonderful Egg in the World



The mysterious *Wreck of the Zephyr*

Once upon a time there was a man named Marshall Taylor, nicknamed Major Taylor because he stood so straight. Major Taylor had two other attributes worth noting: he was the world's fastest bicycle rider, and he was black. The story is the stuff of juvenile fiction, but every word of it is true, and it is truly narrated in **Bicycle Rider** *(Harper & Row; $9.95)*. Abetted by Ed Young's exuberant illustrations, Author Mary Scioscia raises Taylor from obscurity to role model. Her descriptions of turn-of-the-century black life in rural America never moralize; perhaps that, even more than the headlong pace, accounts for the most emotionally satisfying cyclist's story since *Breaking Away* unreeled in 1979.

Once the lights go out, it is still the 19th century as far as children and ghosts are concerned, reason enough for the perdurability of tales about phantoms, poltergeists and demons. A case in point: **Esteban and the Ghost,** adapted by Sibyl Hancock *(Dial; $10.95)*. The hero, a wide-eyed tinker, plies his trade in the hills of Spain until he learns of a reward for anyone who can exorcise the ghost from a forbidding castle. The sprite can overwhelm anything except innocence, and Esteban not only survives but prevails. Together, he and the ghost recover some stolen treasure, a feat that lands one in paradise and the other on the Iberian version of Easy Street. Dirk Zimmer's illustrations have the amiable quality of cartoons; the only people likely to be disturbed by this refreshing tale are those who wonder where they mislaid their sense of humor.

The greatest thief of childhood is conformity, an insight that informs **The Most Wonderful Egg in the World** by Helme Heine *(Atheneum; $11.95)*. Three hens are driven by that ageless query: Which is the most beautiful? The king makes a Solomonic decision: whoever produces the most wonderful egg will be made a princess. One hen immediately lays a perfectly shaped egg; another creates an egg so large that it would make an ostrich jealous; the third gets up from her nest to reveal an egg in shape and shades not unlike Rubik's Cube. In the end, the king awards all three contestants a crown, proving the royal dictum: "What you can do is more important than what you look like," wisdom that applies all the way up the food chain.

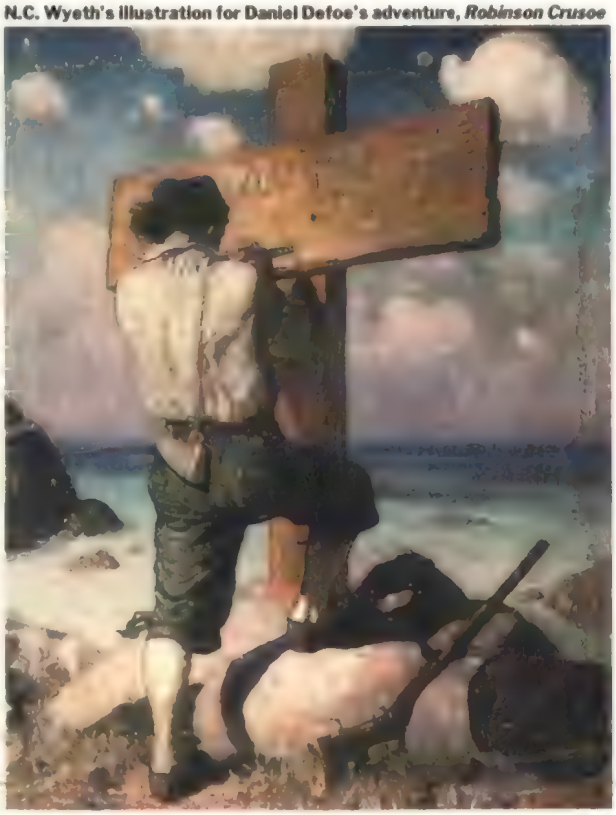
Irv Irving is a shoe salesman with only one thing missing from life: his head. Irv's wife Irma, a resourceful creature, fashions a substitute from old socks and a pillowcase. Thus equipped, Irv sets out in search of his prized possession. It is no accident that this antic tale is set in Russia, the background for Nikolai Gogol's *The Nose*, about a man whose proboscis goes wandering off on its own. **It Happened in Pinsk** by Arthur Yorinks *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95)* wittily echoes its predecessor's tone of plausible lunacy, and Richard Egielski's illustrations add a few jokes of their own: when the head is recovered, it bears an eerie resemblance to the one that belongs to the artist's friend and mentor Maurice Sendak, the doyen of children's book writers.

There is no better way to understand a child's point of view than to sit on the floor and look up at the underside of furniture. **Tales from the Land Under My Table** by Hans Wilhelm *(Random House; $8.95)* is a book of short stories designed for all those who can walk under tables. *King Cabbage* concerns a tyrannical vegetable undone by a tiny worm; *The Little Gray Bird* follows the hero who makes himself beautiful by pasting on feathers and baubles, only to wind up in a cage—until he sheds his false front, repels his captors and gains his freedom. Other stories with other characters extol the values of patience, music and art, subjects about which Writer-Illustrator Wilhelm evidently knows enough to fill a shelf.

The four volumes **Who?, What?, Where?, When?** by Leo Lionni *(Pantheon; $3.95 each)* attempt to give those interrogations some personality and dimension by presenting "pictures to talk about." Each volume features collages of curious mice who roam silently around objects and animals. Lionni's bright and lucid rodents are irresistible, and the thick-paged, well-bound books that hold them are manifestly meant to be carried from nursery to high chair and even to bathtub without injury. And who knows? For the very young this season, they may provide the best answer to the eternal question: What did you bring me?

—By Stefan Kanfer

N.C. Wyeth's illustration for Daniel Defoe's adventure, *Robinson Crusoe*



Climbing the Valkyrie Rock

Hildegard Behrens and Eva Marton sing opera's toughest roles

The major romantic-opera composers, along with enriching the repertory, each toughened the requirements for those who perform their music. In addition to the usual considerations of vocal agility and purity of tone, Wagner demanded endurance, a prodigious memory and a sound that could cut like hot steel through his dense orchestrations. Puccini required singers capable of searing dramatic flights, coupled with limpid lyricism. And Richard Strauss, envisioning his ideal Salome, was only partly joking when he asked for a 16-year-old with the voice of Isolde. No wonder then that outstanding interpreters of such operatic

Marton in the title role of *Turandot*

A desire to play all Wagner's heroines

peaks as Brünnhilde, Turandot and Elektra are in perennially short supply.

The world is currently waiting for a true Siegfried to climb the Valkyrie rock and rescue productions of Wagner's *Ring* cycle from the efforts of overstrained tenors, but the air is clearer at the higher vocal elevations. In Hildegard Behrens and Eva Marton, both in their early 40s, there are two formidable sopranos who between them may rule the dramatic repertory for at least the next decade. Not since the heyday of Birgit Nilsson, now 67 and retired from the opera stage, has there been a singer who dominated the German roles and triumphed in dramatic Italian parts as well. What set Nilsson apart was not only the breadth of her repertoire but her vocal command. That famed voice, instantly identifiable, was a cross between a celestial trumpet and lighthouse beacon: blazing, soaring, shining, glowing.

Behrens has a similar distinctiveness. Singing her first Brünnhildes last summer in Bayreuth, she emerged as one of the dismal production's few saving graces, a Wagnerian of fiery voice and passionate temperament. At the Metropolitan Opera last week, the German soprano solidified that reputation in *Tristan und Isolde*, harnessing the mercurial spirit of the Irish princess to a voice of raw, almost primal urgency in a finely calibrated, carefully nuanced reading that gave flesh and blood to a mythical archetype. Says Behrens: "I want to make music in its logical context. I sing the beautiful parts as beautifully as I can, and if the character is screaming, I make it ugly. If the voice is just big and loud and doesn't have texture and emotional variety, it is like fascistic columns—just imposing."

The Hungarian-born Marton, too, is electrifying audiences worldwide. Last month in the Opera Company of Boston's *Turandot*, she gave a regal account of Puccini's Chinese ice princess that could serve as an object lesson in how the role should be sung. Bringing the full weight of her massive voice to bear on the torturous part, Marton demolished its fearsome technical difficulties while touchingly developing the heroine from a frigid despot into a tender, vulnerable woman. This week at the Met she takes on another of opera's superwomen, Leonore in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

Although their repertoires overlap—Behrens also sings Leonore, and Marton will make her debut as Brünnhilde next year in San Francisco—their voices are strikingly dissimilar. Behrens' is light and bright, a laser beam that can knife through an orchestra to reach the top balcony with its incandescence. It is not as big as Nilsson's or as evenly produced throughout its range; some have wondered whether Behrens' voice will disintegrate under the stress of her all-out performing style, although so far she has shown no ill effects. Marton's soprano is fuller and richer, as firmly buttressed as a Gothic cathedral. Her challenge now is to vary tone and color, to make the sound more subtle and less overbearing. Onstage, Behrens, a striking actress, communicates almost as much physically as vocally; the less mobile Marton prefers to let her singing carry most of the dramatic burden.

"I live very intensively, both onstage and off," says Behrens, whose unconventional life-style includes two children born out of wedlock to two different fathers. "I am liberated," she says, "but on an individual basis. I don't believe in programs or ideologies." She is engaged in a relentless search for ultimate expressivity, trying, as she puts it, "to push out the limits." Says she: "When I do something, I do it. Either I do it all, or I don't do it."

By contrast, Marton is content with her offstage casting as a Hamburg hausfrau with two children and a surgeon husband. But her professional ambition burns just as fiercely as Behrens': to play all the great Wagnerian heroines. "This was a path I picked out for myself," says Marton. "I want to do these roles while I am still young. My voice is probably the most profound expression of myself, of my deepest thoughts that I cannot and do not speak. The time I have been waiting for has come."

Both singers know they must risk

Behrens as Wagner's Isolde at the Met

A search for ultimate expressivity

comparison with Nilsson as they take over her roles. Marton says she has never consciously modeled herself after her Swedish colleague. "Of course, Nilsson's name keeps coming up, because Nilsson was a great Brünnhilde," she says. "It remains to be seen if I will be as good." For her part, Behrens is flattered. "If I should be so considered, I am very honored," she says. "I feel absolutely ready." That is good news for American Wagnerites, who will have a new *Ring* production to savor at the Met in the late 1980s. Hildegard Behrens will be one of the two front-line Brünnhildes. The other? Eva Marton. —***By Michael Walsh. Reported by Adam Cohen/Boston and Nancy Newman/New York***

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Reprogramming the Patient

A California therapy tries to read thoughts and body talk

Hypnosis, self-help, linguistics and nonverbal communication may seem like unrelated items in a therapeutic grab bag. Nonetheless, all are essential components of a fast-growing therapy with a jawbreaking title: Neuro-Linguistic Programming. Developed on the West Coast in the 1970s, N.L.P. now has schools in Denver, Boston, New York and ten other cities. Along the way, it has metamorphosed into an all-purpose self-improvement program and "technology" for salesmen and executives. Some therapists feel that N.L.P. has untapped potential for treating individuals with problems. Other observers, however, view it with considerable skepticism.

N.L.P. therapists rely on a sophisticated set of techniques for establishing rapport with patients and for scanning a patient's body language and word patterns for a quick revelation of the underlying problems. Once a problem emerges, the therapist tries to reprogram behavior, using hypnotic techniques derived from Milton Erickson, a maverick Phoenix hypnotherapist who died in 1980. Like Freudians, Neuro-Linguistic Programmers watch for an unconscious message to poke through. But the goal is not to ransack the past and discover a stonehearted mother or an Oedipal triangle, says New York City N.L.P. Trainer Anné Linden. It is to find out "what the patients are doing in terms of their thinking processes that makes them, say, remember to shake when they see an elevator."

The first step is getting on the patient's wave length. According to N.L.P. doctrine, everyone perceives the world chiefly through one dominant sense: seeing, hearing or feeling. A patient's conversation is sprinkled with clues pointing to the controlling sense ("I hear you," "Look at the problem," "I feel you grasp my point"). The therapist builds rapport by matching the sense imagery of patients, falling into the tone and tempo of their conversation, and even adopting their posture and breathing patterns.

All the while, the therapist is watching for telltale gestures, eye movements and changes in skin tone or breathing. In N.L.P., even the flick of a finger or a minute shift in the size of the lower lip helps reveal the patient's problems. Some therapists use formal hypnosis, but the rapport building and matching are often powerful enough to induce a trancelike state. Like Erickson, N.L.P. therapists use voice changes and body and head movements for hypnotic effect.

N.L.P. assumes that there is a positive aspect to any behavior, no matter how negative or neurotic. In one technique, a patient is asked to "go inside yourself," find the part of the self that is responsible for troubling behavior, thank that part for trying to do a good job, and then ask it to let go so the self can change. The end of this sequence, says Amber Goldstein of Florida's University of Miami Phobia Clinic, is to "gather all the parts together, ask their permission for this change in behavior and say thanks to them all."

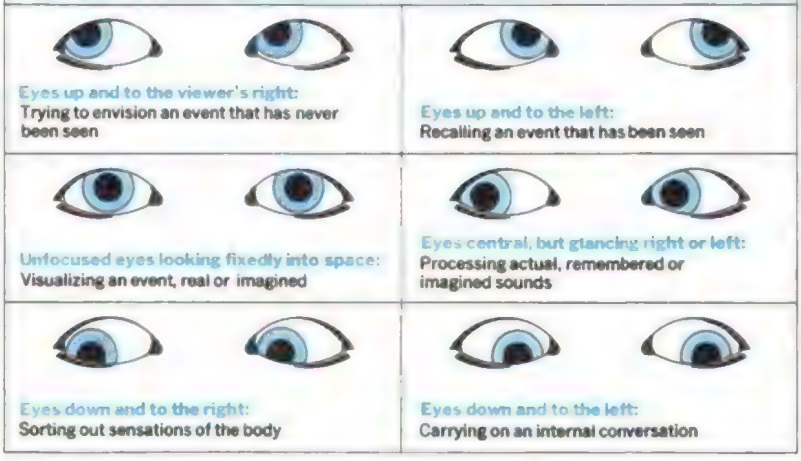
One basic N.L.P. tool is "anchoring." For example, if a man complains of shyness at parties, the therapist will ask him to remember times when he felt supremely confident, then touch him on the shoulder to anchor—or embed—that feeling. Gradually, the touching becomes associated with a feeling of confidence. Then the patient is asked to imagine himself at parties. Each time he does, the therapist touches his shoulder to revive the feeling of well-being and associate it with social situations. After a session or two (cost: $40 to $100 an hour), say N.L.P.ers, the subject should be able to survive a social gathering without stress. Some N.L.P. therapists say they can cure phobias about 90% of the time. Los Angeles Psychiatrist Eric Marcus says he can do it in 15 minutes using N.L.P. methods. The New York Training Institute claims a 75% success rate with depressives and a 50% rate for obsessives, but so far such statistics have not been verified by follow-up studies.

N.L.P. was born at the University of California, Santa Cruz, the brainchild of Linguist John Grinder and Richard Bandler, a computer expert trained in Gestalt therapy. Bandler dropped out of the movement, and Grinder, now 43, presides over the franchising of N.L.P. as a consumer product aimed primarily at the corporate world. "Business is where the money is," explains Grinder's younger brother Thomas, installed as co-director of an N.L.P. company in San Diego called the Institute of Business Excellence.

At a recent weeklong N.L.P. seminar in Monterey, Calif., John Grinder instructed a group of 17 people, each of whom had paid $1,000. Dressed in boots, jeans and silk ascot, Grinder told the group to "observe people who are successful in the field you want to enter and steal their behavior." One of his lessons deals with the prevention of "buyer's remorse," building up the kind of unquestioning assent that will prevent a purchaser from deciding to return a product.

The corporate emphasis of N.L.P. has inevitably led to charges that a once promising therapy has been reduced to a set of manipulative techniques for wily salesmen and junior executives. "The truth is you can't not manipulate people," says Grinder. "You might as well be conscious of the effect you are having." The nontherapeutic uses of N.L.P. will bear watching, particularly by customers who notice salesmen observing their language and breathing, staring at their lower lips and striving to overcome buyers' remorse through a trancelike state. There are other clouds on the N.L.P. horizon. As part of its growing pains, N.L.P. is now breaking up into warring factions, and Grinder seems to be emerging as an eccentric California-style guru. His sister and personal secretary, Laura Grinder, says he recently walked over hot coals using N.L.P. techniques. —*By John Leo. Reported by Valerie Castronovo/New York and Tricia Crane/Los Angeles*

Neuro-Linguistic Programmers believe that eye movements are linked to sensory processing and reveal thinking and feeling. The charts below are for a righthanded person.



TIME DIAGRAM BY JOE LERTOLA

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19th Consecutive Report: No Brand Listed Lower Than Carlton.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

King, Menthol or Box 100's:

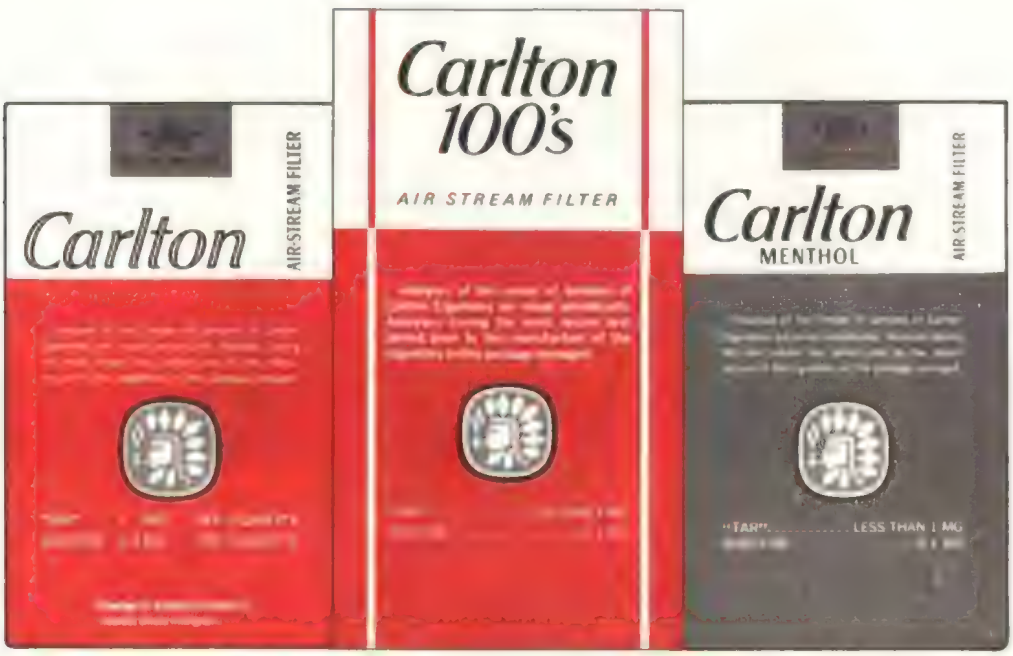
A whole carton of Carlton has less tar than a single pack of...

...KINGS	TAR Mg./Cig.	NICOTINE Mg./Cig.
Kent	12	0.9
Winston Lights	11	0.8
Marlboro	16	1.1
Salem	15	1.0
Kool Milds	11	0.8
Newport	16	1.1

...100's	TAR Mg./Cig.	NICOTINE Mg./Cig.
Kent 100's	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.8
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	17	1.1

TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT

Carlton Kings	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Box 100's	**1**	**0.1**



Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.

And Now Good Wine Aplenty

A worldwide glut makes for bargain sipping

Among the things to be festive about this holiday season are the wines that accompany it. Not for decades have so many been priced so affordably, and the prospect is that both imported and domestic vintages will stay that way for some time to come. The good news is echoed in retailers' ads across the U.S. "The most dramatic wine sale in Burka's history!" trumpets a Washington, D.C., wine store. "French champagnes below wholesale!" announces Manhattan's Sherry-Lehmann, whose bargains include a Maxim's Blanc de Blancs '73 Brut reduced from $70 to $39.95. "This is the age of Aquarius for wine drinkers," says Carlo Kendrick, wine manager at Washington's Sutton Place Gourmet. "The economy is going up and prices are going down. It's a fool's paradise in the wine business cycle."

A few years ago, overall U.S. prices and consumption seemed on an irreversible upward curve. French wines skyrocketed in cost, and many California vintners started charging château prices. It appeared as if every retired aerospace engineer and psychiatrist owned a golden patch of vineyard. Between 1978 and 1982, the Napa Valley alone gave birth to 50 new wineries; 47 started up in adjoining Sonoma County. Just as the new production was reaching the stores, European wines, most notably Italian and lesser-known French vintages, came on the market in increasing volume and at sensible prices. Last year U.S. wine sales went as flat as morning-after champagne. *Impact*, a reliable industry newsletter, projects that per capita consumption of California wine will increase at the sluggish rate of .7% annually through 1985.

The result is an international wine glut, as much a hangover for growers, shippers and retailers as it is a bonanza for consumers. In California, thousands of tons of wine grapes were left unpicked last year. E. & J. Gallo, by far the country's largest winemaker, reportedly turned down huge quantities of grapes offered at large discounts; its vast storage tanks in California's Central Valley were filled to overflowing. Even before the 1983 crop was harvested, there was an estimated 200 million-gallon surplus of California wine, which has now dwindled considerably.

In France, several years of bountiful harvests in key areas have left a 200 million-gallon surplus. Bordeaux, in particular, has had five straight years of abundant crops since 1978. In Italy, with substantial investments by large diversifying companies, new wineries and vineyards have been proliferating. Italian wine has greatly increased in quality, but only slightly in price. Between 1976 and 1982, Italy boosted exports to the U.S. by 250%; it now accounts for more than half of all imported wines sold in the U.S. Meanwhile, in Italy as in France, domestic consumption of wine has steadily decreased. "This generation," notes Agriculture Department Wine Specialist Rex Dull, "wants *le* Coca-Cola and *le* whisky." In the U.S., prices of foreign wines are substantially lower in large part because of the strong dollar.

Almadén wine aging in California; French vintages on sale in Washington, D.C.

Both France and Italy have been feeling competition from Spain, which in the past several years has been producing excellent vintages in quantity, particularly red wines and brisk, clean sparkling wines that sell for a fraction of the price of French champagne. One of the first to attract American attention was Codorníu; the 1981 Brut Classico sells for $4.99. An outstanding example is Paul Cheneau Blanc de Blancs Brut, from Barcelona, which now costs only $3.99.

Critics note that until recently it was difficult to praise many premium wines that cost less than $5 a bottle. Today there is a profusion of good vintages in this price range. (All wine prices vary from city to city, week to week.) Some Beaujolais bottlings have been reduced by $2, to $4.99. A 1982 Domaine de Cheval Blanc, a pleasant white Bordeaux, costs under $4. La Vieille Ferme '81, a satisfying red or white from the Rhône Valley, is now $3.49. Burka's store in Washington offers a 1981 Verdillac Bordeaux Superior for $3.49 a bottle, and a free wine rack goes with each case. Elsewhere Marqués de Riscal, an elegant Bordeaux-like red from Spain's Rioja region, costs $4.99, and there is a $2 mail-in rebate. Ruffino, the largest Chianti producer, offers a $3 rebate on $4.49 bottles of wine. Some stores are offering Italian Dolce Vita white at $3.98 a magnum, plus a second magnum for one penny. The highly regarded Plozner Chardonnay '82 has been reduced from $4.29 to $3.79.

Among California wines, the noble varietals of Robert Mondavi have been discounted, from the superb Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve '78, down from more than $60, to $49.50 a magnum, to the pleasant Fumé Blanc, at $6.50 (down from $8.50). The competition has also been fierce among domestic jug wines produced by such firms as Gallo, Almadén, Inglenook and Paul Masson, some of which have cut as much as $2 from the cost of their three-liter bottles. The serious wine collector can find remarkable bargains among prestigious Bordeaux and Burgundies, as well as vintages from lesser-known petits châteaux that have never exported before. In fact, the top vintages, such as a 1978 Château Pétrus and a 1975 Château Lafite Rothschild, have resisted price-cutting. Even these are good buys at $82.95 and $79.95 respectively. As Sherry-Lehmann notes, "They will outlive most of us."

—By Michael Demarest. Reported by Robert Buderi/San Francisco and Patricia Delaney/Washington

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Odds & Trends

BEST-READ CATALOGUE

The most closely studied Christmas catalogue this year will undoubtedly be Filene's 52-page opus. The Boston-based specialty-store chain has enlivened its book with a plot about a working girl and Truelove, her white Persian cat. The cat's name, the heart-and-holly symbol it wears as a pendant and white cats are scattered profusely throughout the text and pictures, even the margins. (Fifty-one heart-and-holly symbols appear on one bikini panty.) Next week, the reader who comes up with the exact number of Trueloves, cats and symbols will be awarded a $10,000 gift certificate plus a $10,000 donation by Filene's to the winner's favorite charity. Nearly half a million catalogues have been distributed (20,000 of them for $1 each in stores); the contest is expected to draw more than 10,000 entries. Truelove is not blind

EXECUTIVE SWEET

The sweet smell of success now comes in a bottle. For the chief executive officer or those who merely aspire to corporate distinction, a Cleveland firm is manufacturing a men's cologne at $45 per 4-oz. flask called—what else?—C.E.O. The scent is said to be "gracious. When you get in this class you want something that whispers." Next: Ms. C.E.O., a fragrance the company plans to sell to top ladies.

SOLACE FOR SCARED CHILDREN

A nine-year-old girl, left alone at home, panics when her Great Dane starts giving birth to pups. A two-year-old boy is bleeding from a cut in the knee, and the four-year-old girl who is looking after him desperately needs help. These are typical of perhaps 10 million "latchkey" children whose parents are away and do not have babysitters. But these three are lucky because they live in a suburban area northwest of Chicago where a 24-hour hot-line service—apparently the nation's first—has been set up to give them comfort and advice. Kids Line reaches out to some 60,000 children under 13 in several predominantly white-collar communities. The program is staffed by 140 volunteers who have undergone intensive briefing by psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers on such problems as suicide, depression, child beating and drug abuse. Most frequently they hear from children who become frightened when it gets dark and their parents have not come home. The program, launched in September, averages more than 500 calls a month. Says Executive Director Lorraine La Susa: "We live in a violent society, and many of the children are aware of what could happen. Many parents just say, 'Don't let anyone in' or 'Don't let anyone know you're home alone.' They can't go outside. What the hell kind of childhood is this?" ■

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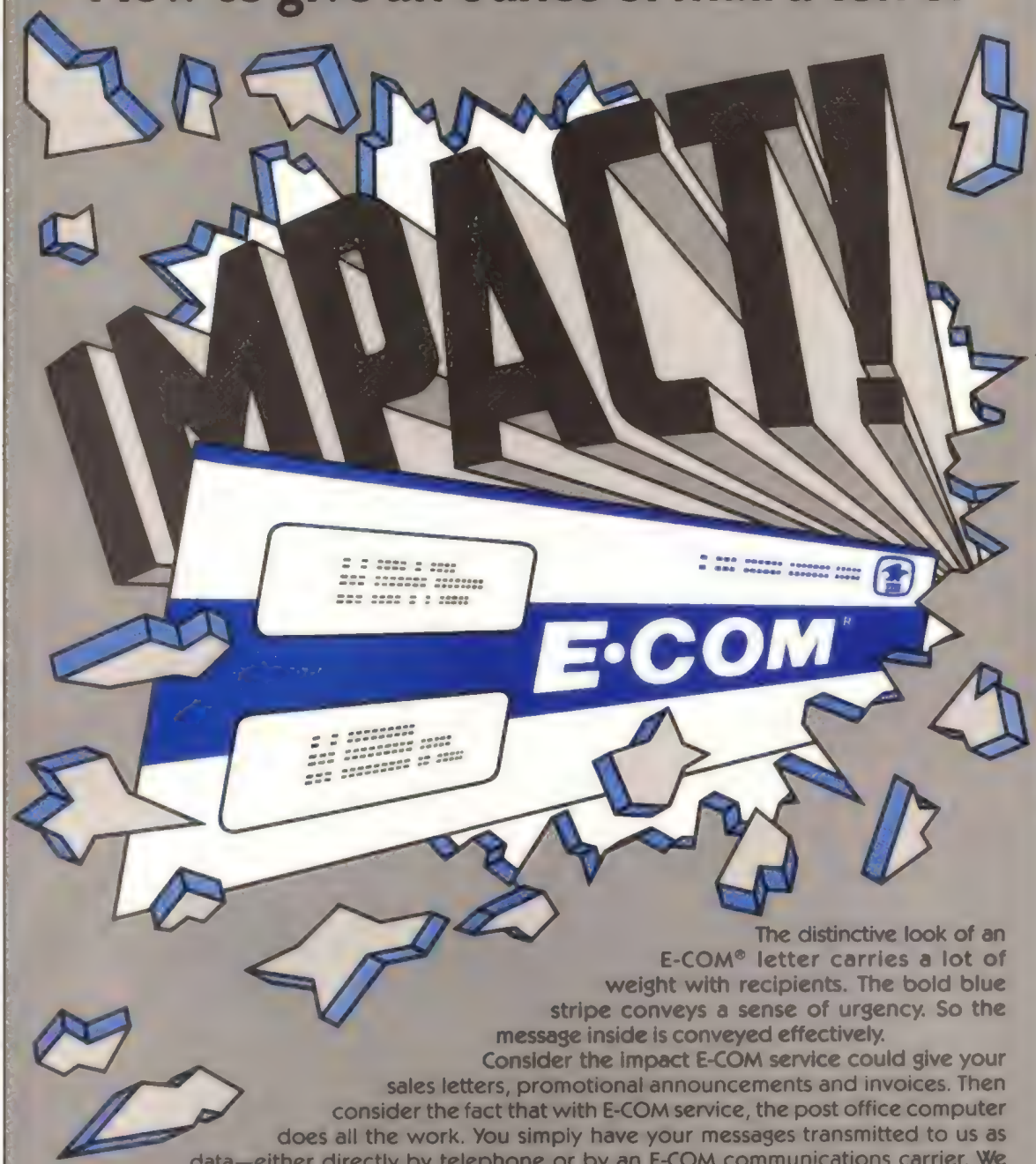

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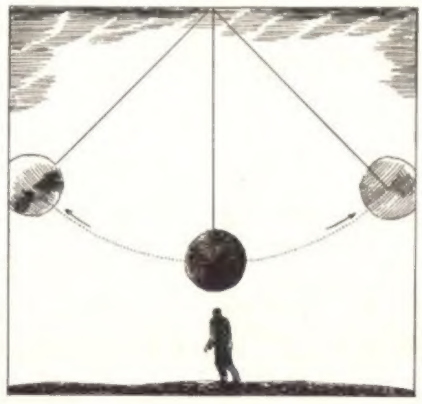
Essay

What Ever Became of the American Center?

The death of Senator Henry Jackson has left an empty stillness at the center of American politics. Jackson was the symbol, and the last great leader, of a political tradition that began with Woodrow Wilson and reached its apogee with John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey. That tradition—liberal internationalism—held that if democratic capitalism was to have a human face, it had to have a big heart and a strong hand. At home that meant developing and defending the institutional embodiments of the national conscience: civil rights, Social Security, Medicare, welfare (what ambivalent conservatives, using the language of rescue teams and circuses, call the "safety net"). In foreign affairs it meant an unapologetic preference for democratic pluralism everywhere, and a willingness to "bear any burden" in defense of the cause (what the left now calls "the cold war mentality"). In short: big government for big enterprises, at home and abroad.



In the postwar period that creed gathered such a following and such power that it became the dominant, almost consensual, political tendency in the U.S. Viet Nam destroyed that consensus. It did something more. It destroyed the sense of equilibrium that underlay that consensus, and introduced a period of volatility that is with us to this day. Not only is the center fractured, but the political system now oscillates between the remaining extremes. Revulsion with Viet Nam pulled the Democratic Party to the left: to McGovern in 1972, and to an abiding distrust of American power and intentions ever since. A countervailing revulsion with growing American weakness—for example, economic prostration before OPEC and national humiliation by Iran—helped pull the Republican Party into the orbit of the Reagan right.

Jackson not only stood his ground, he never lost his equilibrium. He bestrode the center, while others sought refuge from the responsibilities of the Western alliance and the welfare state. He believed, with the Preamble to the Constitution, that the purpose of the Union was to provide for both the common defense and the general welfare. Today the two parties have neatly divvied up those responsibilities between them, Republicans committed to defense ("strength"), Democrats to welfare ("fairness").

Liberal internationalism stands for both. To be sure, it is not the only centrist alternative. Another option is to stand for neither or, more precisely, for as little involvement in either as Government can manage. That is the party of small government. Its creed is civilized restraint, and its constituency the brand of Tory that Americans call "moderate Republican" and the British call "wet."

There is a third centrist alternative. It rejects all the foregoing categories. It is aggressively nonideological, neither pro- nor anti-defense, welfare or anything else. It seeks only programs that work: weapons, cars, food programs that are lean, clean and mean. It wants guns that shoot straight; it is not terribly concerned what they shoot at. Most of the world calls these people technocrats; in America nowadays they are called neoliberals.

Of all the varieties of centrist experience, the liberal internationalist is the most significant, and not only because of its pedigree and former dominance. Most centrism is negative: afflicted by on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand passivity that searches constantly for the lowest common denominator, that seeks the neutrality of the center as a refuge from the passion of the extremes. Liberal internationalism is a passion for democratic principles, and for bold interventionist Government to carry them out. It is a standing challenge, a rebuke, to the rigidities and timidities of the newly dominant right and left. That is perhaps why it commands so large a following among intellectuals, even as it has lost ground among politicians. And lost ground it has. In the end, Jackson stood virtually alone. With his death and the abdication of his heir apparent, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who has quietly moved to the orthodox liberal fold, the center is now weaker than ever.

But great democracies cannot long tolerate such a void. In stable polities the most powerful forces, those that make for stability in the first place, are centripetal. When the major parties pull apart, the political system, abhorring a vacuum, throws up a centrist alternative. In Britain, when the Tories' heart went hard and Labor's head went soft, a Social Democratic Party was born and quickly achieved remarkable strength. The S.D.P., however, had the advantage of being able to coalesce around the nidus of a small, old, still breathing third party, the Liberals. The U.S. is less hospitable to new forms of political life. Third parties in America gravitate not only to the extremes, but to irrelevance. (John Anderson's upcoming presidential campaign will undoubtedly confirm both tendencies.)

If an organic center does not exist, what is to be done? The American answer seems to be: build a synthetic one. The can-do country (its creations include synthetic rubber, artificial flavors and plastic hearts) has come up with a substitute: *ad hoc* centrism. The mechanism is government-by-commission, and unlike the "commission on the future" of years past, today's commission is not meaningless, temporary employment for eminent and idle statesmen. It is an essential political instrument for improvising a center. And it is the political story of 1983.

There have already been three major commissions, each charged with solving an intractable problem, each problem more complex and treacherous than the last. The first of these, the Social Security commission, had the easiest task. It had only to put together a one-shot arrangement, a mathematical compromise between the purely economic demands of various constituencies. When it succeeded in locating a kind of arithmetic mean of the competing claims, its work was done. It packed up and went home.

The Scowcroft commission on strategic forces had a harder task. It had to devise nuclear strategy, an area of constant change not given to final, static compromises. It also had to take into account the moves and countermoves of an unpredictable adversary. (Social Security, a purely domestic problem, brought together players who could all be made to sit at the table and behave.)

Then came the thought: If a commission could mute the rancorous debate on the MX, why not Central America? Why not indeed? Enter the Kissinger commission, charged with solving the Rubik's Cube of Central America. The game here is not a two-sided affair where missiles are shuffled and traded; it is a multisided affair with seven independent countries and innumerable factions at odds, sometimes at war, with each other. Unlike Social Security or nuclear policy, Central America is a living, moving, changing target. A week after the commission's report is delivered, events on the ground may very well have rendered it obsolete.

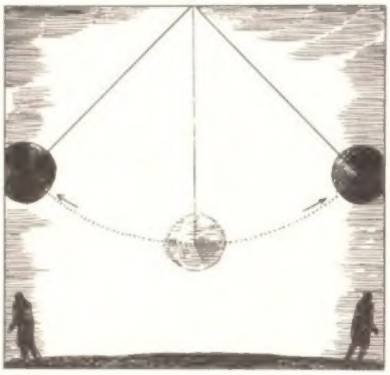
This is not to say that the Kissinger commission is bound to

Illustrations for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

Essay

fail, only that commissions are not the wisest way for a country to make foreign policy. Commissions are at best an expedient. They may be fine in the breach, but, with the collapse of an organic center, our politics is becoming all breach.

What is wrong with government-by-commission? First, finding solutions is only half the job. The other half is building support for them. Centrist politics requires not only that one locate common ground, but that one then encourage people to settle there. Commissions, unfortunately, are designed to issue findings, not create consensus. That is the task of a political party. But at the center there is none, which is why the Scowcroft compromise is so shaky and the Kissinger commission so criticized months before it has pronounced its first official word.



Second, even the most distinguished commission must fold its tent. Kissinger's reports in January, and then what? A new Kissinger commission for the next hot spot? What will the next Democratic President do? Call a Brzezinski commission? No problem, says Thomas J. Watson Jr., former U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union. We can improve upon "palliatives such as the Scowcroft and Kissinger commissions," he writes. How? With "a permanent blue-ribbon commission to deal with the central issues and to take our nation's survival out of politics-as-usual." His "National Security Commission" will enjoy more than permanence. It will be given "built-in independence" and "take up only watershed issues of U.S.-Soviet relations, including nuclear weapons." Presumably the rest—fishing rights?—will be left to the President and Congress.

Yet the fundamental problem is not with commissions. It is with a political system so weak at the center that it has grown addicted to them, so paralyzed by ideological conflict that it needs to call on collections of wise men to do the work of Government. Republicans stop a Democratic Administration from getting arms control through Congress; then Democrats stop a Republican Administration from getting its arms (MX) through. A commission (Scowcroft's) is then convened to plead the obvious: that both are linked and must get through together or not at all. A Republican Administration wants more aid to El Salvador and a surrogate war in Nicaragua; a Democratic House tries to cut the aid and end the war; both sides prepare to blame the other for a halfway policy that failed. A commission (Kissinger's) is now convened to solve what is at root a domestic political problem.

Henry Jackson was so aware of that problem that he proposed and helped create the Central American commission. He saw imminent danger in an increasingly assertive (bellicose to some) Administration policy, proceeding without political support. In the absence of a strong natural constituency—his old constituency—to provide that support, he sought an alternative, however makeshift.

No doubt, *ad hoc* centrism is better than none. But it is at best a temporary and incomplete solution to a structural flaw in American politics. In the meantime, until it is corrected, until the liberal internationalist tradition can rebuild itself into a political force, we can look forward to more oscillatory democracy and, to dampen its abrupt left-right swings, more commissions.

And what happens in the meantime to the old constituency? While the world awaits its renaissance, there are choices to be made and, for the liberal internationalist, unpleasant ones. On the one hand is a Republican Party that obeys the minimal decencies of the welfare state, but is still alien to its ethic, still nibbling at the edges of civil rights, union power and social welfare. On the other hand is a Democratic Party so embarrassed by any assertion of American power that it meets even the Grenada operation with automatic, almost reflexive opposition (that is, until the opinion polls come out, at which point most Democrats neatly reverse field).

Today the liberal internationalist center is without an economic base (what Big Business, for example, is for the Republicans), without institutional support (except for a wing of labor led by Lane Kirkland), and, now that Henry Jackson is gone, without leadership. With little to hold it together, it will likely fracture along existing political fault lines and disappear into the landscape: those most concerned with domestic policy returning to the Democrats, those most concerned with foreign policy casting their lot with the Republicans.

What ever happened to the American center? It died and left no heirs. A commission has been appointed to look after the estate.

—By Charles Krauthammer

Milestones

SENTENCED. John Jenrette, 47, former Democratic Congressman from South Carolina; to two years in prison and a $20,000 fine; for accepting a $50,000 bribe from FBI agents posing as Arab sheiks in the 1978-80 Abscam operation; in Washington, D.C. The sixth of seven U.S. legislators to be sentenced in Abscam, Jenrette asked the judge for leniency with a bit of forced insouciance, saying he had "no desire to further burden the overcrowded prisons."

DIED. Charlie Brown, 57, art instructor, longtime friend of Cartoonist Charles Schulz, and real-life model for the luckless, round-headed hero of the *Peanuts* comic strip; of cancer; in Minneapolis.

DIED. Slim Pickens, 64, grizzled actor with a gulch-wide twang who played second-banana Hollywood cowpokes in westerns including *One-Eyed Jacks* (1961) and *Blazing Saddles* (1974), but whose indelible screen moment was his cowboy-hat-waving, yeehah-ing ride on a nuclear bomb dropped on the Russkies in *Dr. Strangelove* (1964); of lingering complications after the 1982 removal of a brain tumor; in Modesto, Calif. Born Louis Bert Lindley Jr., he changed his name in the 1930s when he became a rodeo clown and bronco buster, explaining his new moniker "was a natural, considerin' that in those days you didn't make a dime doin' rodeos."

DIED. John A.T. Robinson, 64, boldly individualistic Anglican theologian, former Bishop of Woolwich (1959-69) and Cambridge lecturer who scandalized the church world with his 1963 biblical study *Honest to God,* which argued that traditional concepts of a supernatural God and Saviour were essentially mythical and inadequate in this scientific age; of cancer; in Arncliffe, Yorkshire, England.

DIED. Robert Aldrich, 65, film director whose works of macabre-to-macho violence included the Bette Davis–Joan Crawford shocker *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* (1962), the Burt Reynolds gridiron prison melodrama *The Longest Yard* (1974), and *The Dirty Dozen* (1967), which at the time sparked complaints about its relentless brutality; of kidney failure; in Los Angeles. Scion of a prominent New England family and a Rockefeller cousin, Aldrich rejected a banking career to start as a $25-a-week production clerk at RKO studios in 1941.

DIED. Keith Holyoake, 79, popular Prime Minister of New Zealand from 1960 to 1972; after a series of heart attacks and strokes; in Wellington. A master of consensus politics who enjoyed debating issues with his working-class constituents, Holyoake smoothly guided his nation through the crisis of New Zealand's military involvement in Viet Nam.

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